JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 29, 1928 Vol. XLIV. No. 1163.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

EVERYTHING The G.E.C. your guarantee ELECTRICAL

See the latest improved Osram Valves

MADE IN ENGLAND

with the "TENACIOUS COATING"

at "OLYMPIA

Sept. 22nd. to Sept. 29

Better Radio for All!

Stands 28, 29, 46 - 47 and 225.

Sold by all Wireless Dealers.

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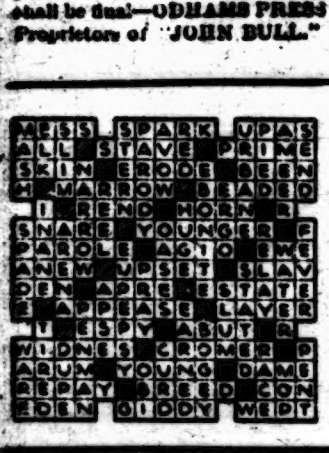
EVERY advertisement in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are tested—in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final—ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's Puzzle is on page 24

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 35)

£2 Winners—(*continued.*)

Miss Webber, 22, High Street, North, East Ham. Breed Of Insects—"Manna" Slowly Becoming "Plague."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

S. Bailey, 124, Arundel Street, Portsmouth. How We've A Baby—Hubby's Got Swelled *Feet.*

J. Cassidell, 60, Sutton Lane, Chiswick, W. Revived Industry—Cast—Stop Depriving Injudicious.

C. W. Dobbs, 103, Easter Road, Edinburgh. Mars Football—How Tastes *Father's* Shilling. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. Fearnley, 208, Priestman Street, Manningham, York. The Government's Ego—Can't Dodge People's "Searchlight."

E. Howard, Hope Hall Cottage, Meanwood, Leeds. Our Free Radio—In Life's "Sibling," Unrecognised.

A. G. Lucas, 21, The Close, Blandford, Dorset. Light Of His Life—But Pals Pulled "Blindness."

F. Moorman, Route Isabelle, Guernsey, C.I. The Government's Sins—"Lifeboat" That's Capsizing "Responsibility."

C. G. Smith, 20, Dudley Road, Grantham, Lincs. At Opportunity's Door—Few—Many Awaiting Call.

G. H. Twyson, R.M.H. (Staff), Nr. Stamford, Lincs. Our Good Terms—Piano Hasn't Got *Neighbours.*

Mrs. White, 16, Earlsthorpe Road, Sydenham, S.E. Off The Rails—Sonny—Father "On Track."

100 Prizes of 10s. each:

[*Addresses abbreviated owing to pressure on space.*]

J. Aitken, Sandiacre; T. Allen, Nuneaton; Miss Appleyard, Rochdale; G. Aubrey, Edmonton; Mrs. Ball, Sparkhill; V. Bartrop, Chesham; W. Bassil, Gillingham, Kent; B. Bazaz, Lincoln; C. Bradford, Thornton Heath; G. Bratbe, Oxford; A. Broadbent, Woodhouse Moor; A. Brown, Nottingham; F. Bunford, Forest Hill; A. Burt, Bexley Heath; N. Butler, Cromer; W. Butler, Leeds; T. Capp, Workington (please send full address); G. Cargill, Bootle; S. Carl, Widnes; G. Charles, Gloucester; F. Charteris, Leith; J. Cooper, Pudsey; A. Craven, Manchester; E. Cranford, Bristol; Mrs. Crouch, Nottingham; A. Dembrey, Bristol; A. Denby, Bradford; Miss Donachie, Brondesbury; A. Eastleton, Chatham; J. Elliot, Ballast; D. Evans, Aberdare; H. Fanny, Taunton, Dorset; W. Glendenning, Wakefield; Mrs. Glover, Bristol; J. Goudge, Burton-on-Trent; W. Grundy, Wrexham; G. Harris, Wallasey; G. Hart, Bexley; E. Hatwell, Fleetwood; A. Hayes, Bolton; G. Haywood, Crumpsall; Mrs. Hewson, Wyndham; C. Hoey, Thornton Heath; G. Hopkins, Herne Hill, S.E.; F. Hopkins, Bickford; J. Hopkins, Tylers Town; J. Hustin, Mallaney; Mrs. Hyde, Penarth; A. Jackson, Harrogate; D. Kerr, Canning Town; H. Kibble, Crewe; F. Kinkell, Cheltenham; Mrs. Lee, Bournemouth; Parsons; A. Lilley, Colchester; J. Lilley, Wimbledon; J. Lord, Brierley; W. McCallum, Blackpool; Mrs. McLellan, Miss Gibb; Miss Mackinnon, Ewell; H. Maxwell, Luton; Mrs. Markham, King's Lynn; A. Napier, S. Norwood; J. Niven, Ayr; C. Pemberton, Liverpool; T. Perry, Aberavon; H. Peterson, Miss G. Pike, Southampton; Miss Pratt, Hayling; Miss Pridmore, Leeds; W. Rhymes, Peterborough; P. Robinson, Haverhill; R. Rogers, Hove; C. Rundel, Glasgow; Mrs. Ryder, Bisley; T. Sawyer, Ipswich; Mrs. Sidons, Battersea; Miss A. Sinclair, Ayr; J. Sharp, Barnsley; Mrs. Shaw, Manchester-road; G. Sherlock, Kirkby-in-Ashfield; H. Smith, Lytchettes; W. Smith, Orrell; Mrs. Stanley, Doncaster; W. Sugars, Hendon; R. Thurston, Blackpool; S. Tuley, Dilton; Mrs. Turnbull, Middlesbrough; Miss Ulyatt, Leopold; E. Vaughan, Conway; J. Vesk, Lincoln; W. Wadeson, Great Malvern; W. Walker, Birmingham; W. Walbank, Euxton; Mrs. Walters, London; Mrs. Wanless, Edinburgh; T. Webber, Stamford; W. Wells, Cheddleton; A. Weston, New Malden; H. White, Merthyr Tydfil; J. Whittington, Scunthorpe.

A Complete List of 100 10/- and 1,000 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

The original Cheque for 1,000 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" 687 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Shaw, Fore Street, St. Marychurch, Torquay.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.

With every "John Bull" Free week 1/6, 2/6 and 5/- Prize-winner a 2/6 Fountain Pencil Cheque. Free! Retail value 1/26, and all coupons and 5d. for 6/- only. Your 6d. for postage and packing, and save 20/-.

Your name engraved in gold on the pen, 6d.

CASH THE COUPONS!

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of this "John Bull" 2/6 Lever Filler Pen offered with 16th, 23rd, 30th October issues, with which is presented Coupons and 2/6 Deep-Pointed Nickel Silver Fountain Pen Nibs, any number up to five can be had with ANY ISSUE, easy to cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Those you may send six Coupons and 5d. for 2/6 (extra for postage and packing). Postal orders 2d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cheque crossed "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib—Odhams Press, John Bull, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULLS GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

HOME ACCIDENTS

50

MORE

£12 CHEQUES

FOR REGISTERED READERS

"John Bull" has also paid many benefits this week on account of FIRE, SICKNESS, etc.

Sign the Forms Now.

£12 LONDON.—Mr. J. H. Fisher, 42, Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

£12 NORWICH.—Mrs. R. Taylor, Clarion, Thorpe.

£12 LEEDS.—Mrs. Mary A. Smith, 5, Thalia Place.

£12 DERBY.—Mr. Robert H. Washington, 27, Morton Street.

£12 RHONDDA. — Mrs. R. Williams, 40, Rhondda Terrace, Maerdy.

£12 SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. M. Gladdish, Tee Square, Portsea.

£12 BARNSBURY, N.1.—Mrs. S. McGiffin, 12, Stonefield Street.

£12 SUTTON COLDFIELD.—Mrs. F. Mawson, 47, Duke Street.

£12 DEWSBURY.—Mrs. Miss Rands, 19, Ravensthorpe Road.

£12 CATFORD, S.E.6.—Mrs H. E. Taylor, 292, Sangley Road.

£12 ST. HELIER'S.—Mrs. M. E. Underdown, 8, Westwell Street, Pier.

£12 KIDDERMINSTER.—Mrs. E. Shaw, Lees Hathaway.

£12 SHEFFIELD. — Mrs. C. Burgett, 68, Queen St., Mosborough.

£12 PENDLETON. — Mrs. E. Heavenrich, 34, Priory St.

£12 CHORLEY.—Mrs. S. A. Pennington, 12, Moreton Street.

£12 DUNDEE.—Mrs. H. W. Fowler, 37, Rotherglade.

£12 MANOR PARK, E.12.—Mrs. F. Cook, 334, Romford Road.

£12 NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. D. F. Gregory, 17, Church Road.

£12 SWANSEA. — Mrs. John Hopkins, Landore.

£12 BOLTON. — Mrs. M. Lyth-gard, 108, Crowden St., Farnworth.

£12 DARLASTON. — Mrs. S. Clamp, 11, Tilley Street.

£12 LYME REGIS. —Mr. Chas. Hallett, Broadcote.

£12 SALTLEY. — Mrs. E. Wheeler, 19, Cranley St.

£12 MANCHESTER.—Mrs. H. D. V. Batty, 21, Platt Street, Moss Side.

£12 ROCK FERRY.—C. S. Swan, Esq., 300, Old Chester Road.

£12 DUNDEE.—Mrs. M. Adams, 8, St. Roques Lane.

£12 HUDDERSFIELD. — Mr. R. Boothroyd, 23, Whitehead Lane.

£12 STRATFORD, E.15. — Mrs. E. Burchell, 40, Grove Crescent Road.

£12 LETCHWORTH.—Mrs. A. Sale, 120, Common View.

£12 ABERDEEN. — Mrs. E. Campbell, 42, Marischal Street.

£12 BATH.—Mrs. V. E. B. Taylor, Widcombe.

£12 OLDHAM.—Mr. Wm. Lees, 5, Felton St., Chadderton.

£12 ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. A. Price, 54, Milton Road.

£12 SIDMOUTH. — Mrs. M. Hillyatt, Salcary.

£12 MANCHESTER. — Mrs. M. Bradbury, 3, Green St., Withington.

£12 ROTHBURY. — R. O. Jameson, 19 Addycombe Cott.

£12 DONCASTER. — Mrs. F. Gibson, 209, Broadway, Doncaster.

£12 BERMONDSEY, S.E.16.—Mrs. R. Titchener, 27, George Row.

£12 WEALDSTONE.—Mrs. C. R. Clark, 170, Byron Rd.

£12 DEVIZES.—Mrs. A. M. Bowen, Uphill, Urchfont.

£12 AYLESBURY.—Mrs. R. G. Smith, 1, Baileys Court.

£12 MANCHESTER.—Mrs. J. James, 6, Clayburn St., Ardwick.

£12 ST. BIRTH.—Mrs. M. J. Trevarthen, Church St.

£12 LEICESTER. — Mrs. M. Rayner, 39, Abbey Gate.

£12 LIVERPOOL. — Mrs. A. Grabsome, Walton.

£12 DARWALL. — Mrs. Ida McGarry, 102, Industry Road.

£12 NORWICH.—H. C. Burn, 213, Aylsham Road.

£12 WHITWELL, NOTTS. — Mrs. E. L. Carter, 56, Bolsover Moor.

£12 CHINWELL, DERBY. — Mrs. E. Marriott, 122, Walnut Street.

£12 BROOK, Nr. BATTLE.—Mrs. E. J. Love.

FILL IN THESE FORMS TO-DAY!

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Gift-Insurance Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have read an article in [illegible] and am entitled to the £12 cheque on delivery of John Bull. Please register and send it [illegible].

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

CUT HERE

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To [illegible] .....

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me regularly each [illegible]

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. 7.9.

OVER 36,000 BENEFITS PAID TO DATE.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE
If the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Pants, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME
By selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Grey, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat.—R. Marks 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for suitable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. E., 39, Hounds ditch, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—S. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a hed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties, free.—Carlisle Mills Co. (Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £5 WEEKLY Plus Bonus. Run Bedclothing, Drapery Clubs. No outlay. Illustrated Catalogue Free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind good profits. 172-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

BE A SPARE-TIME AGENT and increase your income. Reliable working men wanted by established Credit Drapery, Footwear and General Merchants. High rate of commission. Liberally supported with samples. No expense. No risk. Ideal Agency for energetic men.—Write, Dept. 61, J. E. York, Ltd., 53a, Bayham Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS.—Experienced or not, you WILL MAKE MORE MONEY selling the CASTLE SELECTION than any other. Prove it by sending for FREE SAMPLE BOOK and becoming an Agent. No outlay required. Best Commission and Prizes.—Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 67, Anchor Court, Preston.

AGENTS wtd. for the best selling proposition in Private Greeting Cards. The "Imperial Art" Series ensures every Agent a regular weekly income from now till Christmas. ASTOUNDING COMM. No outlay required. FREE SAMPLE BOOK on application to Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 112, Imperial Works, Lancaster.

AGENTS wtd., Xmas Chec. & Cigarette Club. All Best Makes. Highest Cash Comm. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogues Free.—"Cheshire Fox," Dept. B., Land's Lane, Le ds.

BE AN AGENT for the lovely "City" series of PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. We give very fine Commission and handsome Prizes to good Agents. Our Splendid Sample Book supplied free together with a NOVEL METHOD OF OBTAINING ORDERS which ensures success. You can EARN FROM 10/- to £5 PER WEEK with our Samples.—Write Dept. 25, Art Publishers, Ltd., City Works, Manchester.

10/- in a CASH COMMISSION. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Novelties. Lady EARNED £50 LAST SEASON. CASH PRIZES. FREE PRESENTS. Special Terms. Terry's, Bonnet's Selling Outfit and Catalogue Free.—MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY CO. (B.43), SHIPLEY.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS 16 FREE TO ENTERPRISING AGENTS WHO DESIRE HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES. WRITE NOW FOR THIS WONDER BOOK CONTAINING CALENDARS, LETTER BACK DESIGNS, ARTIFICIAL FLOWER SPRAY CARDS CHEQUE-BOOK NOVELTY, ETC. WONDERFUL VARIETY AND CHEAP PRICES.—STEWART'S, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS — Largest manufacturers require agents; free sample book; delightful novelties. Calendars, Real Feather Bird, New Feature in Cut-out Velour designs; Black Cats and Dogs with glass eyes; detachable sprays of flowers; Notewovers, Celluloid Pocket Calendar; Blotter; Greeting Cards for every taste. Most extraordinary book ever published. Enormous profits. Prizes for all.—All-British Christmas Card Co., Dept. 292, Blackburn.

WANTED, AGENTS.—Commission 10/- in £. You can make £20 with this wonderful Book of Private Xmas Cards. No experience. Free to agents to do business. Aeroplane, Jewelled and Novelty Calendars.—Dept. 50, The Cleveland Press, 6, 7, 8, Sycamore Street, Old Street, London, E.C.2.

ACTIVE AGENTS wanted (either sex) to sell Private Xmas Cards. Experience not essential. Highest Comm. Valuable Prizes. Free Sample Book.—Apply, Denton & Co., Dept. D.18, Accrington.

AGENTS WANTED for the CARLTON SERIES Private Christmas Cards. The Book which makes the BIG PROFITS. Astounding Commissions and Prizes. SAMPLE BOOK FREE.—Apply, Treble 531, Cheapside, Preston.

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"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well paid one, with fine prospects." This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest teacher of Salesmanship, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you by post in your spare time? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day.—The Wallace Attwood College, 307, Bedford Row, London W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526).

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (no charge introductions). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The R.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Speed inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Offices, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

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KNITTERS wanted to Work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19a, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post 1quad when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

50 MEN WANTED, 17-35. Free farm training qualifies for reduced fare to Canada.—Church Army, O/S Dept., 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, Lon.

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PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/3 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples 2d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

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THE "EXCHANGE & MART" wants every reader of John Bull to send for a FREE specimen copy. The "Exchange & Mart" contains thousands of amazing bargains offered for sale privately, 2d. every Thursday at all newsagents, 6d. p.c. now for your free copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

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SALE WOOLS, Rug 10½d. lb., Knitting from 12d. oz. 600 Samples free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Bedged ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, sales, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satisfy gnarnt'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 5/6 for 1¼ lb. Odd Lots. Navy and White Yarns 3/10 lb., all post free. Patts. of serges, tweeds etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

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The vast army of Fullotone owners did not buy a "Fullotone" for low price alone, but because there was no other instrument at anything like the price, which produced such amazingly clear tone combined with enormous volume. The public know the "Fullotone" for a masterpiece of British craftsmanship, superior to other instruments costing over twice as much. If "Fullotones" were sold through ordinary shops, the prices would be at least doubled to cover middleman's and shopkeepers' big profits. Only because we sell direct from craftsmans' bench to parlour, through the mail and our own shops, are "Fullotone" prices so surprisingly low; this means that you buy at practically manufacturer's prices. Model 23 illustrated is a fine example of "Fullotone" value.

MODEL No. 23

4/14/6 CARR. PAID U.K.

or 15/- down and 11 monthly payments of 8/2

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS
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20 Models ranging from £1/19/6 to £12/10/6

Beautiful OAK finished Cabinet, 38in. high, complete with powerful Colibro motor, Fullotone Junior Soundbox, and the new type all-metal Sound Chamber. Produces unparalleled purity of tone and enormous volume.

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The Gramophone of Amazing Value!

MEN.—A few men will be accepted to train for employment as trade and private drivers; small fee. Licensed L.C.C.—MOTOR DRIVERS' UNION, 39, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

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"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Weigh, 2/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Central Press (Dept. 6b, 229, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

START a business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Leyton (Dept. J.B.), 142, Roundhedge, E.1.

CHEAP Printing. Billheads 2/6 1,000. Cards, Memos Handbills, equally cheap. Samples free. Pearson's (Dept. J.B.), Church St., Portsmouth.

CHEAP PRINTING FOR ALL.—Walker & Co. 20 Samples free. Good quality.—Walker & Co. (Pirs.), Ltd., Dept. J.B., Heath Rd., Twickenham.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs, Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rosedale Road, Manchester.

TYPEWRITERS from £6/- guaranteed. All makes supplied. Cash or Easy Terms from 10/- monthly. List free.—Bate's, 21a, Bath Street, Glasgow.

RUGS.—Those who study economy can make cheapest Rugs using Parker's Rug Wool, 2/- per lb. Postage extra. Certain to please.—Write for samples, Parker & Co., 44, George St., AYR.

WILL you accept a Free Gift? A tempting introductory offer is described in the advt. of the Ladies' Wear Co., on page 24. Be sure you read it.

A GENUINE 12-gn. Office Desk for £6 18s. 6d. If you want one, read the advt. of Ostic, Ltd., in "The Mail Order Market" on page 24.

SHIRT & Collar 2/6. Chemise embroidered, 5/11. Send 2½d. for bargain catalogue.—Santa Klaus, 49, Rue Turenne, Paris.

SHAVING Brushes and Safety Razors given away. This genuine introductory offer is made in the "Queen" Blades advt. on page 24. Read it now!

ASTOUNDING VALUE in FLOOR COVERING, 90 sq. ft. for 18/-, thicker than line specially suitable for damp floors; less cut without nailing. All rolls 2 yds. wide. Many pretty patterns. Write for free samples, J. B. Andrews & Sons, 30, Carter St., London, S.E.17.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 12/-, Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Foulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S Unequalled 36-piece Layette, 29/6. Original and best offer. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Mat, Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins, etc., etc. Genuine bargain. First in quality. Send 2/- for pcl. approx. Only address: Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S LOVELY LAYETTE 30/-. 35 Superfine pieces: Shawls, Vests, Coats, Flannels, Robes, Gowns, Napkins, etc. Send 2/- for pcl. approx. Guaranteed.—Mrs. B. Barker, 31a Brougham Road, Southsea. Estbd. 1920.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES.—35 perfect pieces 30/-. Surpasses all others; Robes, Robelilps, Gowns, Nighties, Flannels, Woollies, Shawls, Matinee Coats, Napkins, etc. Guaranteed Bargain. Send 2/- for parcel approx. Cash or terms.—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Hegentbull, 120 Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free. Palmer's, 138, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

WANT TO JOIN THE POLICE? Study at home to pass Educational Test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Pensions for All.

Don't miss Mr. Frank Bailey's article on page 20. It is a serious contribution to the problem of ending unemployment, and, backed by a tremendous body of working-class opinion, deserves everybody's attention.

Opening Moves.

With the Conservative Conference and Baldwin's speech this week the General Election campaign fairly begins. But not by any means will all the cards be shown yet.

The Three-handed Game.

The Labour and Liberal Conferences which follow will both display pretty long suits. If Mr. Baldwin wants to beat them, he will have, for once, to take the lead and play his aces—if any.

Coal on the Move.

Bitter experience has forced coalowners to start stumbling along the "Samuel" path. Amalgamations and selling syndicates we have, agreements with the Continent loom, and now one of Lord Melchett's right-hand men plumps for nationalisation of mining royalties.

A Jump to Watch For.

Mine magnates at last see the big things that can be done; royalty owners would rather sell out under a Conservative than any other Government. The Government has already "jumped" the rating reform claim; don't be surprised if it jumps another.

Death to the Death Sentence.

Signs abound that the hanging of the plainly guilty—let alone the not improbably innocent—outrages public feeling. To give Parliament proof, a national petition is being launched.

At One Stroke.

The constant agitations for reprieve bring the law into disrepute. It is significant that an ex-Lord Chancellor, Lord Buckmaster, is leading the movement for one monster petition to end a recurring scandal.

Greasing the Wheels.

One of to-day's bright spots is the activity in the machine-tool trade. It shows a spirit of enterprise in industry, and means in the early future increased efficiency and productive power.

Boosting the "Builder."

Party newspapers are busily praising Mr. Chamberlain for his wonderful housing feats. It's a pity they have to qualify it by remarking that "no comprehensive attack has yet been launched on the slums."

Villadom.

We also admit that many new houses have been built. They are middle-class residences, for purchase. The damning fact is 3,000,000 people still living in slums whose problem hasn't even been touched.

Now's the Time!

Registration as a voter is compulsory and the Act imposing penalties for refusing to fill up forms will be imposed this autumn. The Government will leave no stone unturned to secure the least instructed vote.

Sign or Pay.

Few people will risk a £20 fine for refusing to fill up a registration form. That thousands will risk going to the polls without a clear notion of what they are voting for is the tragedy.

All Ages Guilty.

The indifference of thousands to their own responsibility to political issues is the country's undoing. Masses of electors are always being dragged by the nose by extremists.

Be Alert.

All extremists are not red in colour. Some are reactionaries, others violently militaristic, but all are equally dangerous. Countries can only be sanely governed by men carefully chosen by electors who think for themselves.

Coal to Cakes.

As a "contribution to the problem of absorbing unemployed miners," the London County Council Educational Department is training twelve as waiters, though uncertain what their future will be. What a tragic farce!

Trouble Brewing.

Housewives angry at the "cost of living statistics," which do anything but tell the truth, are determined to "let the Government know it" when the General Election comes round. They are studying facts, not figures.

Devil Breeds Devil.

Marshal Petain's proposed concrete steel defences of France on the German and Italian frontiers are childish futilities born of military minds. Safety to-day depends on more spiritual things, international friendship and understanding.

As We Foretold.

Diphtheria in a more serious form than for many years past is breaking out in northern towns. And it won't stop there unless housing conditions everywhere are materially bettered.

The Weak Spot.

Training of boys for skilled work in the regular Army is to be continued at Chepstow, Catterick, Gosport and Woolwich. That all must be under fifteen is the snag. Children are best in ordinary schools at that age.

* * * *

The Road to Fortune

The "Bullets" signpost on page 35 points the way to a fortune of £2,000. It must be won, and it may be yours—hurry up with your entry!

Abolition Called For.

For once we heartily agree with Lord Cushendun. Condemning the system of licensed houses, he calls for heavier penalties on white-slave traders. So do we.

Dollars *v.* Death.

The Aberkenfig doctor who because a bill was owing waited three hours before visiting one-year-old Philip Bridges, kicked by a horse, has nothing to be proud of. Skill was withheld. The baby died. And we blush for the doctor.

Baby's Quality.

At Claygate, Surrey, "Certified Grade 'A' Milk" is 7d. a pint and "Nursery Milk," which is inferior, costs only 4d. It is the description of the poorer stuff that leaves us gasping.

Bouquets.

Experts from American railways in this country praise skyhigh the efficiency of ours. That the speed and efficiency are not put to better use is what puzzles us.

Brickbats.

Two 36-ft. girders urgently needed for a Yorkshire school being enlarged during vacation took seventeen days to travel by rail less than 300 miles. Is it any wonder that the next supplies are ordered to travel by road?

Who Will Start?

The suggestion to start new industries in mining areas is not without points. The land and labour are waiting. It only needs someone with capital and humanity enough to use it.

Just Enterprise.

Toymaking, furniture building, and clothing manufacture are all possibilities. Such things find a market in more than one country if well produced at possible prices.

Miaow!

Boots made from "leatherboard," which is the cat's-meat from hides mixed with sticky substances, are being sold to a confiding public as footwear. Once wet it never really dries, which accounts for a lot of serious illness.

Investigation.

A comparison of to-day's household accounts with those of 1914 shows an increase of 100 per cent. in coal prices, 150 per cent. in clothing, 100 to 200 per cent. in vegetables, 70 to 100 per cent. in meat and 150 per cent. in fish. And there's no sign of anything getting cheaper either.

Farthing Flippancy.

Grimsby magistrates, when John C. Clarke of Waltham pleaded giving a "bacon equivalent" instead of proper wages to five farm hands, let him off with a farthing fine on each summons if he made up the amounts. The "punishment" is as contemptible as the offence.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Milk Milkers.

The Fylde Guardians are able to buy all the milk they require at 1s. 3d. per gallon. Why are poor people in towns called upon to pay the same price for about half the quantity? And who is pocketing the unholy plunder?

Beer for Baby!

We hope Mrs. May Hemsley, of Nottingham, fined £1 at Belper for giving stout to her two-year-old kiddie, will seek advice from the nearest baby clinic. A healthy child instead of a stunted weakling will repay her a thousandfold for willingness to be taught mothercraft.

Damning Dead-ends.

We welcome the definite move being made by the National Federation of Merchant Tailors to revive the apprenticeship system to save the craft from extinction. The decay of apprenticeship coincides with that of industry itself. It is the dead-end occupation that damns youth.

No Punishment.

Did William Burnell, of Birmingham, know the harm he was doing to his bull-terrier when he chained him up from Easter till August 9? Not till he feels his own muscles wasting for want of exercise could he be adequately punished for cruelty that has merely cost his pocket a £2 fine.

Not Enough!

One hundred houses at Hemel Hempstead, a rural slum, are totally unfit for human habitation. The council is erecting eighteen, for which already there are 168 applications! No wonder a special meeting is to be called. Hemel Hempstead must pocket prejudice and get down to bricks and mortar.

Not Lunatics.

Too much cannot be said in favour of homes of rest for the care and treatment of women suffering from mental strain, neurasthenia and nervous troubles, free from the stigma of lunacy. Need we say that Manchester is already on the spot tackling a scheme? Other cities please wake up.

Fatal Brand.

Just though the Hull stipendiary's determination to eliminate gangs may be, we deprecate his sending two youths under eighteen, members of the "Silver Hatchet Gang," to two months' hard labour for assault. The remedy is worse than the disease if mere lads are to be branded for life as convicts.

Wasted Shoe Leather.

We are sorry for the intelligence of Mr. J. R. Campbell, the Communist candidate for the Ogmore Division, for urging the Blaengarw unemployed to march to London. However pressing the need of solution of the unemployment problem, this is manifestly, in the bitter experience of those who have tried, *not* the way to solve it.

Belligerent Bronze.

Good luck to Mr. J. Hammond Heap, chairman of the Bradford Education Committee, in his demand for the removal of the bronze figures of a soldier and sailor, with fixed bayonets ready for attack, from the local war memorial. It is no true patriotism to soak the young mind with a direct negation of the Kellogg Pact ideals.

Happy Friendship.

Delightful is the picture of Mrs. L. Woodrow, of Harcourt Terrace, Salisbury, who, at the age of ninety-nine, can be photographed with her maid, Miss Fanny Coborne, aged seventy-three. To serve one mistress for sixty years with faithfulness is no mean achievement. It points to love, as well as money, having entered into their agreement.

Road Menace.

Failure to have a red light or reflector at the back of their machines caused the death of P.C. David Brotherstone Cleghorn, of the Metropolitan Police, who collided at Windsor with Albert Skinner, one of two cyclists. It is a complete mystery why neglect of a law far too slow in coming into being is not severely punished.

Real Verdict.

With a penny and two empty purses in his pocket, Charles John Briggs, a Hackney tinplate worker, who for nine years had been "in and out" of work, was found drowned in the Lea at Homerton. The Hackney coroner's verdict may be "open," but ours against the nation for denying a man his first need, a regular job, is "criminal negligence."

Money-making Ideas.

Suggestions for improvements in production or works are encouraged from the staff of Messrs. Mavor and Coulson, Glasgow, engineers and electricians. Five hundred pounds has been paid this year for bright ideas, in which office boys appear the most prolific. Congratulations to a Scotch firm for a splendid method of advancing co-operation between employers and employed.

Going Ahead.

Among the "twelve new commandments" posted on placards all over China, since the civil war, are reverence for virtue, strict attention to cleanliness, diligence and simple living, as well as insistence on education for all, road repairs, tree planting, and loyalty in developing the country's industry. Good for China, such rules, everywhere observed, wouldn't be bad for the world!

The Human Machine

HELP YOURSELF!

by *E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

I MET a man the other day who said he was going to commit suicide. If he wanted sympathy he didn't get it. I told him to get on with the job!

I can hear you say, "Callous," "Cruel," "Unfeeling" and a whole lot of other things. I wasn't any of them!

He did not commit suicide. He had a "grouse," that was all. Life looked rotten and blue and uninteresting—and for all I know his liver was out of order.

Do you remember the German "Hymn of Hate"? Do you remember how the people used to work themselves up into a proper state of hatred by singing it on all possible occasions?

Lots of people are like the Germans during the war. Before they can really get that "fed-up" feeling they have to sing a little hymn of hate to themselves about their work, their family affairs, themselves, anything and everything—and mostly nothing!

HAVE you ever seen a cat working itself up into a fury by lashing its tail to and fro? People are like that! They get a nasty thought into their minds and brood over it and dwell on it until it really assumes tremendous proportions.

Most of their trouble is that they will not admit their faults to themselves or anyone else. They know they are to blame—and they try to hide the fact by blaming someone else.

The man who wants to commit suicide is a coward. He is really a man who is afraid of himself. He does not like life because he is not trying to like life.

Life has everything in it that you want. But no one except yourself can get anything out of it for you.

Dairy Diddlers.

Thomas Adams, Graig Farm, Cwmavon, and Caleb Jenkins, of Mountain Ash, must set their dairies in order. If we had our way the next occasion of their selling respectively milk with 5 per cent. added water and butter 11 per cent. deficient in fat, for which they were fined £5 and £10, would mean jail without alternative.

Hounding the Hungry.

Three men charged at Alcester with stealing a quantity of potatoes and turnips pleaded that they took the vegetables because they were hungry. Each was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour. We wonder if those magistrates were condemned to tramp the country without food whether they would regard the taking of a few spuds as such a heinous crime thereafter.

Tragic Tie.

A young wife applied to the South Kirkby magistrate for a separation order against her husband. They were both in an advanced state of tuberculosis, and though it was said it was most undesirable they should continue to live together, the magistrate had no power to separate. In failing to provide safeguards for the health of the next generation the law's an ass.

Children's Corner.

Flowers, pictures hung low on panelled walls to meet small heads, stools, tiny chairs beside a book-covered table, colour beauty, quiet—these are for toddlers' finding and receiving of their gifts in the Children's Corner of Derby's new cathedral. To the wife of a Derby canon we owe the expression of a tender and charming idea. Will other churches follow?

World Builders.

A world united through education, a common language and a common understanding is the ideal for which Dr. Walter S. Athearn, of Boston, is undertaking a world tour. As one of the chairmen in the World Federation of Educational Associations, he sees that a new world needs a few new building stones, perfect understanding between the peoples being one of them.

Give 'Em Stones!

The attempt of the Metropolitan Asylums Board to reintroduce stone-breaking for casuals as a deterrent is as inhuman as it is senseless. Close the doors of workhouses and these unhappy men will be driven to sleep in the open, an offence against the law, and, deprived of the means of cleansing themselves effectively, they will contaminate our countryside with filth and disease.

Hats and Heathens.

Two little girls of Idle, near Bradford, were asked by the vicar, the Rev. W. R. Trevitt, to leave the church because they attended a wedding hatless. "I intend to follow the custom," the parson asserts, so presumably he would decline to allow the hatless brigade to attend divine service. We should have thought the succour of souls of greater worth than a rigid adherence to an outworn tradition.

Kindness that Saves.

Though Herbert Eric Huggins, a clerk, of Woking, stole £26 odd from a firm of export merchants, his employers gave him an excellent character, and offered to take him back. The magistrate bound him over, and, with deep emotion, the prisoner expressed his thanks to all, and especially to the police for their considerate treatment. There is a kindness that saves as well as a kindness that kills.

Tragic Blunder.

We cannot but agree with the Newcastle coroner's jury, who came to the conclusion that Joseph Henderson Dennis, chemist, of Rosehill, Willington Quay, was guilty of gross negligence when he served barium sulphide in lieu of sulphate. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, sixty-one, the victim of the tragic error, died at the infirmary in agony. A careless chemist is a grave menace to the public, and should be removed from practice.

Help Yourself Movement.

With 300,000 houses in the country condemned by medical officers as totally unfit for human habitation, it is good news that bigger and better premises have been needed for the Skipton Building Society, Yorkshire. The working-class movement to build homes is a good one. Mr. Philip Snowden calls it a "magnificent monument to the thrift capacity of the workers." So it is.

Vague Promise.

George Nevill, of Bethnal Green, obtained £500 relief during five years, though that he was working at various places was denied by his masters. He was sent to a month's jail with vague promise of action being taken by the Labour Ministry against the employers. Why, in the name of common-sense, was he not fined, ordered to repay the money and the alleged conspiracy tracked to its source?

"Physician, Heal Thyself."

The National Oil Refineries, Ltd., a subsidiary company of the Persian Oil Co., Ltd., of which the Government holds over half the ordinary shares, has discharged several hundreds of men and has imported boilers from America and Germany that could have been made in South Wales. No wonder results of the Prime Minister's letter to employers are disappointing. Helpfulness, like charity, should begin at home.

No Cure.

Noting the reduction made at the London Sessions of a month's prison sentence passed on Abraham Lewis Garrett for selling intoxicants without a licence at the Lido Club to two £50 fines with costs, we agree with Sir Robert Wallace that prison is the only punishment for lawbreaking by night-club controllers. Fining is utterly inadequate where the undesirability of keeping open any such premises has been established.

After Many Years.

Prison authorities have a terrific task before them in Peter Young. Forty years ago he started a criminal record. Now he has a two years' sentence for stealing offertory money from an Edinburgh church. Nevertheless, it is unfair to expect twenty-four months of intensive training to counteract long-lived evil habits. To-day the nursery school and the organised playground must forestall the work of prison reform.

Disgraceful Indifference.

The Newhaven Guardians are justified in finding out why Thomas Walker, aged fifty-one, ex-Service man, who died an hour after his admission with wife and child to the local casual wards, was buried without post-mortem examination or inquest. To the insult of driving a servant of his country to the workhouse, could there be a greater than passing over his death there, because it is said he is only a wayfarer and does not matter?

"Dumped" Patient.

The Lambeth Guardians justly want to know why a patient chargeable to them was, against their wishes, removed by a Metropolitan Asylums Board ambulance from the Edmonton Epileptic Colony to Lambeth Hospital, and when refused admittance on the ground of his epileptic complaint, was deposited and left in the receiving ward. Jacks-in-office who play battledore and shuttlecock with a sick man need severely telling off.

Against Themselves.

That the Director of Public Prosecutions is taking up the practice of girls making false statements before registrars shows that the evil is on the increase. When Emily Jane Pompa, of Waterloo Road, procured a marriage certificate by this means, she landed herself with a reluctant husband, who had to be summoned, as well as with a child to keep, while the fine of £2 imposed by the Lambeth magistrates merely accentuated the trouble. Parents have a great responsibility to teach their children the meaning of truth.

Leak in the Can.

"Profitable home employment" is how Scott Products, of 247, McAslin Street, Glasgow, describes its scheme for setting up amateur tinned-food manufacturers. A Stainsforth reader who could not afford the full three-guinea fee was permitted to pay 30s. down, with the privilege of wiping off the balance in 5s. instalments. The materials sent him so disgusted him, however, that he returned them by rail forthwith. Now the railway authorities complain that the premises of Scott Products are closed.

Captain's Fatal Lure.

When a young man was recently placed on probation at Preston it was stated in his defence that he had stolen to get money to go to sea after having fallen foul of the seductive advertisements of a so-called "Maritime Consultant and Adviser." This, it is interesting to note, is the self-selected designation of Captain Roberts, of Chadwell Heath, Essex, who is no captain at all, but plain W. G. Harrison, who has frequently been exposed in these columns. When will advertising managers ban his announcements and those of others who follow his fee-snatching calling?

A Year of Suffering.

Just over a year ago we told the pathetic story of Miss Kathleen Clease, whose foot was injured by falling glass from a window of the Kingswood employment exchange. The authorities denied liability, though evidence was given suggesting that the window had been in an unsafe condition. Officialdom has doubtless dismissed the tragedy from its mind; but for the victim there can be no such forgetfulness. Her injured limb has now shrunk considerably and she is condemned to walk with a limp. Perhaps this news will move the authorities to sympathy?

Amateur Fee-snatcher.

Albert Male, of 48, Princess Street, Attercliffe, Sheffield, heads his notepaper "Cliffe Remedy Company," and laboriously pens two pages in praise of the "Buckeye Magic Pain and Ache Remover." Why does he do it? We suspect that he has been set to this task by some home-employment "specialist," but we do not think his letters will bring him in many four-shilling fees for the "Buckeye" formula, in spite of the added promise of six "simulative silver" spoons to those who will help him to add the names of five lady friends to his mailing list!

Two Troublesome Lodgers.

We recently criticised the Hygiene Toilet Manufacturing and Research Company, "of London, Paris, Vienna and New York," for selling cheap shampoo powders on the strength of promises of free silk stockings. The gifts never materialised and the company could not be traced in any of the cities mentioned above. A lady who resides at 124, St. Mary's Road, Sheffield, however, and who unsuspectingly let apartments to two representatives of this phantom firm, has since had to cope with numerous anxious callers, and her temporary lodgers have brought unmerited publicity to her address.

"Early Attention"!

On March 28, we requested the Ministry of Pensions to reopen the case of Mr. James Arnott, of Barrow-in-Furness, on the grounds that his disability, gas-poisoning, for which he was only receiving a 30-per-cent. pension, had become so serious that he was unable to walk fifty yards, and we were notified that our letter had been "forwarded to the appropriate quarter for early attention." Further letters were sent to the Parliamentary Branch on June 17 and September 7, but the only reply is that they are "receiving attention." Such laxity, for whatever reason, is sheer cruelty to an ex-soldier in such desperate straits.

* * *

50 more cheques of £12 each paid to registered readers under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift. (See page 2.)

Problems of Life

The STRUGGLE of LIFE

by *the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

THE publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign brought home to the modern mind a fact of which we all have some immediate experience — namely, that every living thing has to fight for its existence.

Mr. H. G. Wells

No creature escapes the operation of this law except at the price of degeneracy and the ultimate extinction of its kind.

I once heard George Bernard Shaw say that it is a law which has already worked ruthlessly in the evolution of the human race, and that if we failed to keep our faculties at the stretch mankind would as certainly be scrapped as our predecessors the big lizards who once bossed the earth.

"Who knows," he went one, "but that one fine day some new sort of animal will walk out of a bush and wipe us all out because we have been taking things too easily."

THERE is not much likelihood as yet of the conditions of our lot allowing us to take things too easily. The older I grow the more aware do I become that almost every human being one meets is having to battle hard, willingly or unwillingly, for objects great or small.

This is all very well when one has found one's real place in life, is interested in one's job, and making a success of it; but the great majority have no choice in the matter. Life is to them an unremitting strain of which they become weary without being able to stop or get into a pleasanter groove.

H. G. Wells is perfectly right in saying that much cant is talked about the agreeableness of the daily round and the common task. Most people hate it, he says, and would be glad to get away from it if they could, but they can't; on they must go to the bitter end.

And for many it is a bitter end indeed. I have seen more than one loveless home where bickering, complaint, and disputation ruled—and yet every member of that home was toiling for the common stock. It is a queer thing, this need that we have of one another and obligation to serve one another whether we like or not.

IT is pathetic to note how many people go on hoping for an easier time that never comes or comes too late to be enjoyed. The end we are striving for always seems to be just round the next corner, but when we have turned the corner we are apt to find that it is still out of reach.

The wise thing to do is to accept the necessity for struggle as inherent in the nature of things and get all the good out of it we can.

Without it is little that is worth the winning. Bravely and cheerfully faced it puts us in possession of ourselves and of the satisfaction of helping the world along. And herein we may find contentment and peace.

SECRET CONTRACTS FRAUD

Dummy-Buyer Trick

A DOUBLE-EDGED DODGER

Alderman Stephen Easten, Lord Mayor of Newcastle

AN impudent rascal named William Sadler Thompson, who at present resides in Eskdale Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, hit upon a truly ingenious method some time ago of winning ease and comfort, with servants and motor-cars, at the expense of people who could enjoy no such luxuries.

He has operated on a large scale as a house and estate agent and, although he seemed to conduct his business on satisfactory lines at the outset, he subsequently elected to follow a deliberate system of fraud.

Posing ever as a man in a very big way of business, and boasting "inside information" regarding housing bargains, he has contrived to win the confidence of numerous people whom he has subsequently swindled over property deals of a shady nature.

An outstanding instance of this is afforded by the experience of a Mr. F. N. Scott, of Monkseaton.

He stated that he was contemplating the purchase of certain property and generously invited the other to "come in" to the extent of £80.

The profits so confidently promised by Mr. Thompson did not materialise.

Before the investor's suspicions were aroused, however, Mr. Thompson regaled him with further stories of big profits and induced him to snap up some "bargains" in property.

Mr. Thompson knew a man who wanted to sell this property quickly, and, upon being introduced to him, Mr. Scott bought it.

Sharing the spoil

He rapidly discovered to his dismay that the man from whom he had purchased it was only a dummy of Thompson's, and that the latter had netted nearly £1,000 over the transaction.

Thompson's exact procedure was this: Knowing of a property for sale, he would approach a person to invest sufficient money to secure it on the understanding that he also knew of someone who would take it off their hands at a much larger figure.

For instance, some time ago, Mr. Thompson approached a house decorator in a small way of business, and instructed him to carry out certain decorating work.

Having thus inspired confidence, he later told the decorator that he happened to know of some property which he was in a position to obtain through influence at a figure greatly below the price now being quoted.

At the same time, he knew a purchaser who would be willing to buy the property at a good price.

If he bought low, however, he would be expected to sell low, too; so that was where the contractor would come in.

If he agreed to act as a "dummy" buyer at the small figure, Thompson would arrange the sale at the higher price and the "secret profits" could be shared between them.

Thompson finally induced the contractor to advance £150 as a deposit and introduced him to a gentleman who was supposed to be the owner.

Cause for uneasiness

Although the contractor's cheque for £150 was promptly converted into £1 notes, difficulties arose, according to Mr. Thompson, who declared that a firm of solicitors had disposed of the property without his instructions.

By this time, however, the contractor was beginning to grow uneasy, particularly as a bill of £50 for work he had executed for Mr. Thompson was still outstanding, and he ventured to drop a hint that a remittance would be acceptable.

After many excuses, the £150 deal fell through and the decorator lost his money. Subsequently, however, after court proceedings, the £50 due for work done was obtained.

It is significant, however, that the "owner" of the property that was to have been the basis of this deal was a man named Edwards, who, curiously enough, was likewise involved in one of Thompson's transactions with Mr. Scott.

Working the dummy

In this case, a man agreed to Thompson's suggestion that he should sell his house at a certain figure, on which Thompson would draw commission. Thompson then went to his "dummy" purchaser who secured the house on the above terms.

It was immediately after this that Thompson induced Mr. Scott to buy the house from Edwards at an inflated figure, which yielded Thompson a secret profit of £357 10s.!

Edwards, who is only a labourer, subsequently placed it on record that none of this money had come to him, but that Thompson, on the contrary, owed him considerable sums.

Deals of this kind, of which the above are two instances of many, soon led Thompson to trouble.

Writs began to come in and on more than one occasion the bailiffs were placed in possession of his beautifully furnished residence.

His final motor-car of four, a beautiful saloon model, was seized because his hire-purchase instalments were in arrears; while it gradually became known that this impressive gentleman owed thousands of pounds to people in all stations of life, much of which he had obtained in very questionable circumstances.

Risky deals

In May last when pressed for settlement of a tailor's bill for £28, Thompson tendered a cheque for £38, and obtained cash as change. The cheque came back "R.D."

On another occasion, when a creditor was becoming too pressing, Thompson produced his cheque-book with a grand gesture and wrote out a cheque for £210. His bank balance at that moment was fivepence!

He added variety to his methods at Jesmond, where he obtained £70 from a tobacconist to whom he was known as a customer.

He declared that he needed the money urgently, but could return it the next day, plus a present of £30. He offered his car as security.

The repayment was not made as promised, and the car in question was on hire-purchase terms.

When he discovered the dangerous position in which he had placed himself by raising money on property that was not his, Thompson induced the tobacconist to accept repayment in instalments.

After that, however, he borrowed further sums. Once he flourished a cheque for £200, and, taking his dupe to the bank, walked in at one door and out of another, pretending that the bank manager had promised to clear the cheque later.

Tricky scheme

This manœuvre bluffed the tobacconist, who, yielding to Thompson's persuasion, advanced further money.

Many people have been induced to advance to Thompson on the strength of similar stories, and are now confronted with the fact that his tangled finances have at last landed him in the Bankruptcy Court.

He played high when he tried to acquire several houses at Bensham. He confessed at his bankruptcy proceedings that he had the estate transferred to him.

The property was valued at £19,000, but Thompson had a bogus contract drawn up to suggest that a purchaser existed willing to pay £24,000.

This scheme was devised solely in order to trick a building society into advancing a sufficient sum to pay the purchase price and expenses!

Impudent activities of this widespread character certainly call for drastic action, and we would urge Alderman Stephen Easten, the very active Lord Mayor of Newcastle, to enquire particularly into Thompson's housing operations in that locality.

A Dutch CATCH

King *of* Tosh-Purveyors

THE astrological charlatan known as Prof. C. Van de Zaar, of Haarlem, Holland, has broken out in a fresh place. He has embarked as mentor to those who wish to take up the mail-order business.

He sends out a "Full Chart and Working Plans of the Mail Order Business," a collection of priceless tosh that would make a cat laugh.

He talks a lot of bunkum of "the Royal Road to Success," and says that "hundreds of men and women are making hundreds of thousands of sovereigns in the businesses that I am about to let you in the know of the secrets."

Making millions

The "secrets" consist of a lot of wordy flare grammatically incorrect and, in parts, misspelled to the point of absurdity.

No. 1 refers to the starting of an advertising agency. The unworthy professor states that "this is a gold mine," and he talks about "placeing (*sic*) orders," and says that "it is possible for you to make £2,000 a year out of this business, all the London and New York Advertising Agents live in huge mansions."

The profession of advertisement writer is described as "a gem of a business," and Van de Zaar maintains that "if only I had the time I could easily make £10 a day out of this business, but with my large Continental Book and Wholesale Paper and Printing Business, I really have quite enough to occupy the whole of my time."

"The pill business" gets a eulogy, too. "Millionaires are made in this business."

"The boot business is really too good to discribe (*sic*). If I was going into this business," says this tosh-purveyor, "Fortune would very quickly smile on me."

Hair restorers, toilet goods, fountain pens, carpets and rugs, all receive his benison as sure money makers. Fountain pens receive peculiar commendation.

Guff and bluff

"A handsome could be easily made at this business. These sell from 5s. to 21s. In this business all that is necessary is to get in touch with the makers, the profits would be enormous."

It would certainly be nice to make a "handsome" and it is peculiar that this humbug of a professor does not have a shot at it himself.

The professor has been referred to in the columns of JOHN BULL on more than one occasion, and our advice in his connection is reiterated. Any communication from this Dutch cheese should be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

People who fall for the sort of guff sent out by Van de Zaar have only themselves to blame; their cupidity is amazing.

Jail for HOME!

Another Housing Victim

GEORGE STRANK is a victim of the housing shortage. As such he has already suffered indescribable agonies; yet the authorities would add insult to injury by persecuting him simply because he happens to be a victim of the housing shortage!

At least, Mr. Strank was brought before the chairman of the Islington Petty Sessions some weeks back and charged with failing to comply with an order to abate an annoyance caused by overcrowding.

Mr. Strank had been forced to make a small back room in Clayton Street, Islington, serve as a home for himself, his wife and three children.

He did so because he could find nothing better, and we doubt very much whether a single reader will imagine that he did it from his own choice.

Appalling threat

Yet Mr. C. H. Bigwood, the chairman at the Petty Sessions, stated: "You seem to have made no endeavour whatever to get out, and now you have landed yourself in a position where you are incurring a liability of £1 every day you occupy the premises."

And he gave this harassed father two short weeks in which to find other accommodation, with the threat of a £5 fine hanging over his head if he failed!

Poor Mr. Strank would have been only too pleased if he could have found better accommodation for his family, but though he searched all over the place and made application to various public bodies, his efforts were of no avail.

So, on August 15, he was arrested and taken to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, being unable to pay the stipulated fine of £5.

How the authorities expected him to pay that fine when he had to fend for a wife and three young children on a weekly salary of £2 18s. is a matter which they alone can answer.

But it is not the only thing for which they have to answer. This unfortunate man should never have been subjected to such tyrannous treatment, for when the summons was heard in the first place, evidence was produced to show exactly what he was up against.

The Islington Council's own solicitor made it quite clear that the authorities could offer Strank no alternative accommodation because there were already 7,000 local people waiting for houses!

Penalised victims

Why penalise the victims of the housing shortage? It would be a far better expenditure of official energy and public money if some attempt were made to fight the evil at its root.

No one would willingly crowd his loved ones into one tiny room if other accommodation were available. It is up to the authorities to provide that other accommodation.

PERSISTENT PERCY'S PURPLE PAST

CASHIERED OFFICER'S *SHOCKING* RECORD

A Rogue who Hates JOHN BULL

YET another rogue, whose profits from crime have been tremendous, has now been brought to book solely through the instrumentality of this journal.

We refer to Percy Swinford Harrison, a cultured rogue, who, when not engaged in storing up trouble for unsuspecting dupes, resided in refinement and luxury either in Kildare Terrace, Kensington, or in the quiet seclusion of a magnificent country residence at Chislehurst, Kent.

Had he turned his ingenuity to honest pursuits he might easily have earned distinction as a creditable citizen; instead he is in jail, meditating, possibly, upon the fearless publicity which brought him his deserts.

Some months ago complaints began to reach us from several men who, after passing through lengthy periods of unemployment, were attracted by alluring advertisements.

Concealed identity

Applicants were interviewed by Harrison at well-appointed offices in the Strand, London, where a company possessing the name of Cope, Morton and Company was then installed.

Although he was careful not to say so, "Cope, Morton and Company" really served to conceal the identity of Percy Swinford Harrison himself, who, for reasons of his own, passed in this venture as plain John Harrison.

His plan, as unfolded for the benefit of the various applicants who called upon him, was to open branches in different parts of London and the provinces for the sale and distribution of all kinds of goods at cheaper rates than those generally prevailing.

He stated, for instance, that he had arranged with a well-known gramophone company to sell various types of their machines at special prices.

He had been able to secure this privilege, he explained, by placing large orders with a view to distributing the machines through his branches.

Everything lovely!

Gramophones, however, represented only one line. Harrison told his dupes that he had similar contracts for the sale at cheap rates of such miscellaneous articles as washing-boards, "pull-out" dining-tables, "Save All" radiators, fire-lighters, mantel-racks, handy fish-slices, plate-drainers—in fact, anything from cutlery to cleansing powders!

Swayed by Harrison's charm of manner, the dupes thought that everything sounded most promising.

He would furnish offices for them, he declared, supply them with all necessary stationery and order-books, and provide printed matter relating to the various articles to be handled.

The stationery was to include a large quantity of the firm's impressive notepaper, which, apart from telegraphic addresses, telephone numbers and the names of the directors (so called), set forth the company's "works" and "branches."

On the face of it, the scheme certainly appeared sound; but the least enquiry would have shown that the firm of Cope, Morton and Co. was only a dummy, that the works and branches were non-existent, and that the vast consignments of goods for distribution were not forthcoming!

But enquiry was not made, and when the first victim to complain arrived at our office with his sorry story, a score or so had been induced

Percy Swinford Harrison

to hand Harrison their savings as "security" for the doubtful privilege of acting as "branch managers" and "area representatives."

Glib-tongued impostor

Some had parted with £50, others with double that sum. Several were involved to the tune of £200, and at least one had put up £300!

Their plight was a common one, however. After their money had changed hands, these deluded investors found that the whole business was a sham and that Harrison was a glib-tongued impostor who had spent much of their cash in luxuriously entertaining himself and others.

It was too late to save them, but an investigation held by us immediately enabled us to expose his activities and thus save other dupes from answering his advertisements.

In doing so we urged the police to hold an enquiry with a view to Harrison's prosecution, and reported the names and addresses of several of his victims.

With commendable promptitude, the police took statements from each of these men and a warrant for Harrison's arrest was then issued.

Although he had pooh-poohed our exposure and had intimated to some people that a writ for libel had been issued, Harrison now took the precaution of avoiding his Strand office and deserting his dupes.

He exploited his cunning to the last, though, and to prevent some dupes from going to the police after our exposure, he prepared a list of heavy debts which he alleged were owing to Cope, Morton and Company by various creditors.

Impudent bluff

Armed with this list, he suggested to his more insistent creditors that if only some of this money could be got in he would be able to meet his obligations.

One victim, anxious to save something, however small, wrote letters to the firms in question on the subject of the alleged debts.

The replies he received only added to his despair. They were all indignant epistles to the effect that the writers themselves were creditors and not debtors!

However, this impudent side-step enabled Harrison to enjoy a brief breathing-space, and for a few weeks he contrived to dodge the warrant, endeavouring all the while to come to some arrangement with his dupes to get it withdrawn.

But his efforts in the latter direction failed, as they deserved to fail, and one day, when he was alighting from a train at Charing Cross station, he was recognised by a police officer and taken to Brixton.

The magnitude of his frauds is evidenced by the fact that endless victims lodged complaints with the police, and were called as witnesses at the Old Bailey, where Harrison was tried a few days ago and sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

In the course of the evidence credit was given by more than one witness to the part played by JOHN BULL in unmasking this rogue.

Cope, Morton and Company was by no means Harrison's first swindling venture. During the past six years he has operated quite extensively in this way.

Cashiered captain

In one instance he was sent to jail for fifteen months, the judge remarking that his frauds were "wicked and despicable."

On occasion Harrison was wont to describe himself as "Captain" or "Major."

He was certainly a captain in the Army at one time, but, following a court-martial in 1921, he was cashiered and sent to two years' hard labour for being implicated in the theft of Government stores.

We are glad, therefore, to have been instrumental in bringing such a hardened offender to book.

SENTENCED BOY: *Shocking Blunder*

RELEASE ARTHUR BASTED!

The Real Crook in Hiding

AT a stage in the social reform activities of this country, when every effort is being made to prevent rather than punish crime, we are at a loss to understand the harsh, thoughtless and unnecessary action of Mr. Hay Halkett, the Marylebone magistrate, in sentencing to six months' hard labour a boy of seventeen who had previously borne an exemplary character.

By this sentence the stipendiary has, in a flash, knocked all the boyhood out of a lad who foolishly yielded to temptation; has made him a convicted criminal; robbed him in his teens of his career and his good name; brought terrible disgrace to a respectable family and, further, made a mockery of the Probation Act, which exists for the very purpose of dealing with a case such as this.

Clean record

With the criminal reform slogans of the Home Secretary still ringing in the ears of the public, such a cruel sentence comes all the more pathetically, and we trust that Sir William Joynson-Hicks will hasten to enquire fully into the matter and see that this poor lad is given that chance that others in his position have been given in the past.

The lad in question—Arthur Henry Basted, of Spa Road, Bermondsey—had been employed since the age of fourteen as a van-guard for the Southern Railway, and during those three years he had never been accused of dishonesty.

Moreover, he had left an L.C.C. school with a clean and decent record.

Naturally, the motor-van of which the lad was guard often carried articles of value, and suit-cases, etc., contained items that would be admired and even coveted by a young man earning only 25s. a week and whose courting days had just begun.

It happened that, about two months ago, the boy, possibly out of curiosity, was tempted to open such luggage.

That curiosity turned to envy at the sight of enticing contents, and, for the first time in his life, he began to steal.

He was not, however, an experienced thief, nor was he a natural criminal.

Hidden facts

His methods were crude enough to lead to easy and quick detection, and it was not long before one of the Southern Railway detectives had followed up sufficient clues to ensure that the boy should be arrested and charged with the offences he had committed.

With him was arrested John Waters, driver of the van, a man of thirty-seven, living off the Old Kent Road.

The boy was released on bail and, during his week of freedom, he made a full and frank confession of his defaults to his father.

He told his father, too, facts which, unfortunately, we cannot refer to here, but which the Home Office, we suggest, should investigate without delay in the interests of justice.

The lad told his father that he had never, until this pilfering began, been guilty of theft, nor had any idea of it entered into his head.

We feel, with the father, that he is telling the truth, and we feel also that it would be interesting to discover how such ideas entered his head.

Mr. Hay Halkett

Lurking somewhere behind this case, we feel, is a confederate who should be in jail along with this unfortunate first offender, and we have reasons for believing that further enquiries might prove fruitful.

The case was heard in due course and Mr. Hay Halkett, in passing this terrible sentence of six months' hard labour, said that there had been so much pilfering on the railways that he must punish those who were caught.

Poor example

Basted seemed, he said, to be a systematic young thief and the ringleader in this matter.

It occurs to us that if the existence of so much pilfering on the railways has led the magistrate to wish to make an example of someone he might very well have waited his time and selected an elder and hardened thief rather than this poor lad who yielded to temptation.

Again, if Basted is presumed to be the "ringleader," it rather supports our contention that he should not be in jail alone. Who and where are the others?

The boy's father could not afford the cost of an appeal, broken-hearted as he is.

He has two sons in the Service and has always been proud of his family. This tragedy has left him a broken man.

John Waters, the driver, aged thirty-seven, who was charged with receiving part of the stolen property, was fined £5.

We append that fact without comment and appeal to the Home Office to have the fullest possible enquiry made into this callous attempt to make a criminal out of a very foolish boy.

Heartless Clothing Club Diddler

PRICE'S HIGH JINKS

The Voucher Scrounger

A SMART young man named John Price is walking freely about the streets of Leicester to-day in spite of the fact that many people of that city feel that he should be in jail.

He is known to have perpetrated a number of cruel frauds upon poor people, whose trust he has obtained only to betray, and who, but for the generous gesture of a man who recently employed Price, might be in dire financial straits.

For some time past Price, who is familiarly known as "Jack," and who lives in Birstall Street, Leicester, has been collecting weekly instalments and deposits in certain clubs and clothing schemes of the type which is particularly popular in certain parts of the provinces.

Robbing the thrifty

For those who find it a hard struggle to pay for a suit of clothes or a pair of boots or other necessitous articles in a lump sum, such clubs, into which they may make weekly payments of a shilling or upwards, form an untold boon.

One such admirable institution is a clothing and boot club, which is highly popular in Leicester, and which has many members of the working-classes in that locality.

For this institution Mr. Price has been privileged to act as collector for some time past, calling upon members once a week and taking their contributions of a shilling or two shillings, according to the extent of their interest.

Although these poor, thrifty folk were not aware of the fact, Mr. Price has not been paying all the money so collected into the club's funds.

In some cases, therefore, while their membership cards record receipts for moneys actually paid by them, they have been shown in the books at the head office as being in arrears!

Subtle ingenuity

But the defalcations in this respect are trivial as compared with Mr. Price's activities in other directions.

When new members join the club they are given a list of local shops, dealing in such things as children's clothing, drapery, furs, furniture, jewellery, boots, hosiery, wireless apparatus and gramophones.

Thus, when they have paid in a substantial deposit, they are entitled to apply to the club's headquarters, through the collector, for an official voucher which, on presentation at one or other of the selected shops, would be exchanged for goods of corresponding value.

Mr. Price, however, by some subtle ingenuity of his own, has audaciously devised a method of converting members' vouchers for his own ends.

In All Saints Road, Leicester, for example, there is a poor woman who, in order to make both ends meet, works in a local factory. She was entitled to a voucher, upon payments recorded on her card, for anything she cared to ask for of corresponding value.

Surprising discovery

Imagine her surprise when she recently discovered that goods to the value of £3 had been obtained in her name from a local stores.

She had never had any goods whatever, and enquiry revealed the fact that Price had privately obtained the £3 voucher and had converted it to goods for his own benefit!

This is a typical case of many, and in some instances Price has negotiated vouchers for as much as £5 and £15.

Many of the poor people whose privileges have thus been usurped by Price are naturally anxious as to their position, and it pleases us to record that the proprietor of the club is watching their interests.

At an interview with our representative, he stated that he had decided to bear the losses himself, less whatever proportion he may be able to recover from Price, who, of course, is no longer in his employment.

Price might have been forgiven his lapse if it represented his first fall from grace, but investigation shows us that he has lost many similar positions in Leicester through his inability to keep straight.

Two other clubs, both admirable and well-managed institutions, were glad to see the back of Price because he proved himself a decidedly undesirable collector.

Call him to account!

Then, in another instance, where a trader who supplied bicycles on weekly terms entrusted Price with the duties of collecting instalments, sums in the neighbourhood of £15 remain unaccounted for.

Price has also acted for insurance companies and still represents at least one concern.

That he should not be entrusted with such responsibility is evidenced by the experience of a crippled woman from whom he collected weekly contributions in respect of certain life policies.

This poor woman found it a great struggle to make both ends meet, and a few days ago she was astonished to receive a visit from an inspector of the company, who announced that her payments were in arrears.

As she had paid her premiums regularly to Mr. Price, it was quite clear that some definite explanation is required.

In these circumstances we can share the indignation of those people in Leicester who feel that Mr. Price should be called to account for his behaviour.

ROGUE'S MYSTERY BOOK

John Willie's Crooked Come-Back

WHO IS SYLVIA?

WHAT are the authorities doing in regard to a concern called the Trader Press, which, operating from 5, Bloomsbury Street, London, has been instrumental in parting numerous people from their money without offering anything tangible in return?

A good many weeks have now elapsed since we drew attention to the fact that its leading light, a man calling himself Mr. S. Campbell Robertson, had duped numerous people in the kinema world in connection with a contemplated publication to be known as "British Kinematograph Personalities Illustrated."

This volume was to be a kind of "Who's Who," but though subscriptions were collected in all parts, nothing happened.

No official action was taken, apparently, but this may possibly have been due to the fact that, following our criticisms, Mr. Robertson unblushingly gave his assurance that the long-delayed volume would most certainly be produced.

Request for patience

But he disappeared from his London office, and a creditor who located him at Springbridge Road, Ealing, obtained the following written undertaking:

"British Kinematograph Personalities Illustrated.

"I, S. Campbell Robertson (Trader Press), wish to make it known that I fully intend to publish the volume in connection with the above as soon as possible. At no time have I had any intentions whatever of not going on with it.

"The reason the publication has been held up is absolutely through financial difficulties. If managers, musical directors, and organists, etc., will have a little patience, I promise they will not be let down.

(Signed) "S. CAMPBELL ROBERTSON."

Regretted generosity

Mr. Robertson added verbally that he was now working day and night for a motor firm, and that as soon as he could get sufficient cash together he would do the right thing in regard to his subscribers.

Working day and night for a motor firm! How noble it sounds! But, as we are equally anxious to do "the right thing," we have deemed it our duty to test the truth of this sentimental assertion.

He certainly did obtain a post with a motoring firm, thanks to the influence of a man who had known him for some time.

He encountered this man by chance in the street at a period when disgruntled clients were causing him some uneasiness at his Bloomsbury Street office, and, borrowing money from him, also obtained an introduction to a lady who keeps a laundry in Kensington.

It so happened, at the time of this introduction, that this lady was opening a new transport business and required a manager.

As Robertson was very hard up, and seemed to be a very good business man, she agreed to employ him, and advanced him a sum of money into the bargain.

In a few weeks, however, she had grave cause to regret her generosity, and had no alternative but to dismiss her new manager because of the very unsatisfactory manner in which he was handling her affairs.

It came to our knowledge, shortly after this, that S. Campbell Robertson was an assumed name. By a curious chance, one of the letters received by us was written to a creditor on Robertson's behalf.

"My husband," declared the writer, "is doing his best to settle things as soon as possible." This letter was signed "Sylvia Robertson."

Who is Sylvia? What is she? we asked ourselves, for the name seemed to conjure up memories.

Reference to our files confirmed this belief, for we found that we had once been favoured with a whitewashing epistle from this self-same Sylvia.

Shady transactions

This interesting epistle, penned from the same address in Springbridge Road, two years ago, was not whitewashing S. Campbell Robertson, but one, John William Mallard, whose swindling activities we were then investigating.

In order to put us off the scent, Mr. Mallard had furnished a lengthy statement, together with several "references," of which, perhaps, Sylvia's was the most gushing.

After speculating a lot about Mr. Mallard's trials and tribulations, Sylvia added loftily: "With the majority of employees, knowing the true facts, I decided to remain loyal."

Despite this glowing testimonial, we criticised Mallard very severely for running a ramp in Cheapside

Sir Archibald Bodkin, K.C.B., Director of Public Prosecutions

called the J.W.M. Sales and Publicity Service, and, amongst other things, for a number of shady transactions in connection with the sale of ballot tickets.

In short, we preferred to cling to our own conviction that Mallard was a thorough-paced scoundrel.

That we were more than justified has been fully borne out by subsequent events.

Even at Bloomsbury Street, where the precious book was being compiled, Sylvia was very much in evidence.

That she now finds herself able to pen enthusiastic letters in favour of S. Campbell Robertson is explained by the fact that this is the latest alias of Mallard himself, who adopted it for the purpose of his operations in the name of the Trader Press.

In view of the persistent way in which this rogue has conducted swindle after swindle, we should like to take this opportunity of inviting the Public Prosecutor to run through our dossier on the subject. His time will not be wasted.

A LOVELY LURE *for* LOVERS

Tender Hearts and Soft Heads

A JOLLY little circular intended to bring joy into the hearts and lives of thousands of engaged couples in this country is being broadcast by an extraordinary company named Marriage Emoluments, Ltd., of 100, Oxford Street, London, W.

"Marriage Emoluments," we are told, "has been incorporated in order to provide a ready means of enabling young couples to acquire sufficient funds to furnish their homes or to establish a reserve fund for future contingencies."

Tempting bait

This sounds a tempting bait to any young sweethearts anxious to make a sound start in married life.

"If the rules have been faithfully carried out every member will receive a sum of £100, less 30 per cent. expenses on proof of his or her marriage having taken place. Both parties to the marriage may be members, and, in that event, on marriage, they will have jointly the sum of £200."

Let us turn, however, to the rules which have to be "faithfully carried out," and discover exactly to what extent they confirm the rosy promises of the circular.

The snag

In the first place, a member must pay an entrance-fee of £2 2s., and then, during a period of *approximately* six months, pay the amount of 4s. on the occasion of the marriage of any member of the group in which the applicant is placed until he or she has paid a total sum of £45.

Within sixty days after the production of a member's marriage certificate, he or she will receive the sum of £100 (or £200 if both parties are members), less 30 per cent. expenses. Payment is guaranteed by the Marriage Finance Co., Ltd.

The rosy suggestion of the circular that on marriage a member will receive £100, less 30 per cent. expenses, or £70, is, therefore, not quite so rosy on investigation.

In different, but more accurate, words, each member will pay £47 2s., and receive back £70, *but as the £47 2s. is their own money all they will actually receive will be £22 18s.*

Moreover, after completing the conditions, any time round about two months can elapse before payment, in spite of the promise that the scheme is a "ready means of enabling young couples to acquire sufficient funds to furnish their homes."

Perilous power

Members are placed into groups of about 1,500, apparently, each to pay a levy of 4s. every time a member marries.

When one does marry, the remaining 1,499 members each pay 4s. levy—a total of nearly £300.

In addition, since one can pay the 4s. levy only when a marriage takes place, and since one must have contributed £45 "before being entitled to draw out," some 220 members must be married before one's own wedding present falls due!

A clause in the conditions that we particularly dislike provides that the company, in the event of a default in the payment of a levy, may either replace the member by a new member or return to those members who have fulfilled their obligations all payments (less entrance-fee) they have paid, *less 30 per cent. for the company's costs and expenses.*

Spying the land

We are not surprised that the company can afford important offices or that it could afford to offer a prospective canvasser ten shillings for each enrolment.

This gentleman was informed that it would be easy to get boys to visit church and register offices and secure the names of engaged couples.

Marriage Emoluments, Ltd., was registered in July this year by a Mr. Frank Karuth, and the same gentleman registered Marriage Finance, Ltd., the same month.

We expect to hear more of them both.

Clean as Alpine snow!

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DOCTOR'S TORTURE CELL

Fiends in the Laboratory

by The EARL OF TANKERVILLE, D.L., J.P.

LORD DAWSON OF PENN has thrown down the gauntlet for the vivisectionists. In an astonishing outburst in the House of Lords he complained bitterly of the "cranks who agitate against hospitals where serums are used."

Mentioning the case of a hospital in London where one patient died and two suffered from lockjaw because anti-tetanus serum was banned—an entirely false accusation, so it is now stated—he hoped that King Edward's Fund would take note of this and refuse to recognise the hospital.

This is a good instance of the methods of terrorism employed by the medical profession as a whole. Though doctors may disagree about every petty detail of their profession, they stand solidly together in support of any theory or practice, such as vivisection, which has become sacred through time or fashion.

At one time it was the custom to bleed patients, and woe betide the doctor who dared to doubt the efficacy of bleeding. Then blistering became the fashion, and after that alcohol treatment. The days were when so much alcohol was administered to fever patients that they were often made rolling drunk.

Then germs were "discovered," and to-day sera and vaccines are the rage. The medical research workers have turned their energies towards cultivating horrible diseases in animals, and preparing brands of poisoned blood and broths of dead germs for unfortunate human sufferers.

Faked statistics

Such is the anti-tetanus serum which Lord Dawson condemns a London hospital for refusing to use. Tetanus antitoxin failed so dismally as a "cure" that it was used among our troops during the war as a "preventive." In this capacity also it failed so signally that the statistics had to be faked in order to justify its use.

This was done by the simple expedient of classifying so-called "local tetanus" as tetanus so as to increase the number of cases and decrease the percentage of mortality.

The statistics issued by the Registrar-General tell the same story of failure in the case of each one of the diseases against which the vivisectionists claim to have made headway.

Antitoxin was introduced as a cure for diphtheria in 1894, but between 1896 and 1900 we had the highest death-rate for diphtheria ever recorded in history.

Tuberculin became intensely unpopular, and it was only after 1918 that the deaths from consumption decreased rapidly with better hygienic conditions.

We may well ask what vivisection has accomplished. Lord Dawson tells us that the medical profession cannot do without dogs in the laboratory. What diseases can it cure and what operations can it perform as the result of experiments made on dogs whose anatomies and glandular secretions are so different from those of human beings?

Misled scientists

The fact is that in dozens of cases vivisection has actually misled medical scientists, as even Sir Frederick Treves said it had misled him and rendered him unfit to deal with the human intestine.

Vivisection happens to be highly fashionable in the medical profession to-day, just as among the witch-doctors of earlier times it was fashionable to consult the oracle by examining the entrails of disembowelled chickens. This fashion, like previous fashions, will pass, but meanwhile the vivisectors are making hay while the sun shines.

Everything is on the side of the vivisectors—ignorance, superstition, large sums of public money. The doctors support them because as medical students they were taught to do so.

The financiers support them because the sale of sera and vaccines has become a huge profit-making concern. The public supports them under threats of death from the diseases the sera and vaccines are supposed to cure.

The daily toll

The Medical Research Council for its part does its best to find jobs for vivisectors, and to justify their deeds. The power of voting large sums of money derived from the National Health Insurance and other Government funds has now been transferred from the House of Commons to the Privy Council, over which the public has no authority.

The Medical Research Council has been appointed as its executive to dispose of about £150,000 annually among vivisectors.

With the help of these substantial sums of public money vivisection increases apace. Last year 293,302 experiments were made on living animals, which is an increase of 26,824 on 1926. That is to say, every day last year 800 animals on the average were vivisected.

What are these experiments for which the public is paying? Unfortunately, the laboratory fiend is not obliged to make public the details of his experiments.

True, he is supervised by an army of four Government inspectors, but the inspector makes occasional visits simply to satisfy himself that the experiments are carried out according to the details of the certificates. It is not his duty to nose out cases of cruelty.

We can only guess at these from the occasional descriptions of experiments in the medical and scientific journals. As the British public is becoming more humane, the vivisectors take care that only the milder experiments are reported.

Revolting cruelty

The *Lancet*, of March 13, 1926, described a series of experiments made in England in which windows were made in cats' sides, and their spleens drawn outside their bodies and fixed there. In this condition they were secured by the head and four paws and kept alive for a fortnight.

The nineteenth annual report of the Ministry of Health described some inoculation experiments performed in 1925 on the eyes of cats, in which, seventeen days after the operation, nearly the whole of the cat's eye was transformed into an ulcer.

Among other experiments performed in this country are cutting wedges from dogs' kidneys, turning dogs into cripples to study rickets, making cats spin round in convulsions for a week, cutting out the internal organs of dogs and keeping them alive to study the effects, and putting mutilated animals on treadmills—revolting cruelties for which ordinary offenders would be fined heavily by a magistrate or put in prison.

Do these animals suffer as we suffer? Vivisectors tell us that they are less sensitive than we are. I do not believe them. Mr. William Brown, M.R.C.V.S., says in his book, "A Veterinary Surgeon on the Practice of Vivisection":

"I have observed cats and dogs, horses, cattle and sheep under every kind of pain, and I do unhesitatingly

The Earl of Tankerville, D.L., J.P.

say that they suffer as much as we suffer. . . . I have operated on a dog, and I have had the dog come to me afterwards and lick my hand and lie at my feet and grovel—and why? It is the poor animal's only way of begging me not to do it again."

No wonder Lord Dawson said and reiterated at the Caxton Hall last year, "Ethically there is no defence."

Vivisection must go!

Even if vivisection really could produce the benefits to humanity which its supporters claim for it, instead of degrading the medical profession to the level of devil-worship; even if it really could reduce the mortality figures instead of increasing them, should we be justified in mutilating a single dog or putting a single cat on the treadmill?

Not many people, I fancy, would hesitate if it was a question of their own pets being tortured in the laboratory. Yet what is the guarantee that cats and dogs which are lost will not fall into the hands of the vivisector?

Vivisection, like slavery, must go. It is no good introducing legislation to tighten up the supervision of experiments. So long as there is vivisection there will be cruelty.

The result of all this sensationalism in the laboratory is a more and more repulsive mode of medical treatment. The "ideal of health" will soon be a man inoculated against every disease known to medical science.

Miserable fraud

But already there are signs that the public is turning from the present medical fashion with its sinister background of vivisection. At last, it seems, people are beginning to mistrust the rapid successions of serums and vaccines put on the market *for the same disease*, all of which have been "proved" on animals. They are beginning to realise that injections of animal poisons weaken the patient instead of curing him.

Alarmed by the large number of deaths following vaccination, the Dutch Government, acting on the advice of the medical profession of Holland, has just suspended the law which provides for compulsory vaccination of school children.

The great commercial concerns which have made such enormous profits from the sale of dead germs and poisoned blood have had a long run, but the run is drawing to an end.

When the public realises at last the meaning of the whole miserable fraud, there will be such an outburst of popular indignation that vivisection and all its evils will disappear for ever.

How I made £2 a week regular extra income for 3 years

Most women and some men have some spare time, especially in these days when there is so much unemployment and those who are employed regularly have to be satisfied with working short time.
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An efficient and economical machine for this work is the Golden Fleece Home Knitting Machine, made by the South British Manufacturing Company. *Every purchaser of a machine receives an agreement whereby the Company undertakes to pay for all the work produced to instructions for a period of three years.*

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The following letters are two of the many received from satisfied workers who are enthusiastic in their praise of the GOLDEN FLEECE Home Knitting Machine. The original letters and many others may be seen at our offices.

4, Council Cottages, Trotton, Rogate, Nr. Petersfield.

Dear Sirs,—I am pleased to say that the Golden Fleece Knitting Machine has proved itself to be a "veritable little gold mine," although I only purchased it on March 17th (not three weeks ago). By the aid of your instruction book and the half-hour's instruction received in your knitting parlour by my husband, who came to London to purchase your machine, the working has been mastered, and socks turned out at a creditable speed, to my idea, considering the short space of time it has been in my possession. The first two pairs of socks I made in three hours, and both pairs sold immediately on sight at a profit of 1/6 per pair.

Yours respectfully (MRS.) A. J. MURRAY

1, Bedford Cottages, Lipbook, Hants.

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Yours faithfully, L. READER.

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JUNO

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

Dear Sir,—"In view of your letter to employers, we respectfully submit that you urge officials of Government Departments to put in hand more work." This from the Central Committee of H.M. Office of Works. And Councillor Jeger, of Shoreditch, stigmatises your appeal as arrant hypocrisy in face of the fact that 11,000 *Civil Servants have recently been discharged.* Now that you have returned from your holiday, I expect you, even at this eleventh hour, to tackle this grave problem with grim sincerity.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dear Sir,—The enormous amount of money wasted daily owing to the congestion on our highways cannot easily be estimated, and few will deny that the lack of adequate thoroughfares to cope with the ever-growing traffic is an eloquent condemnation of your raiding of the Road Fund. Not only have you robbed the workless of legitimate employment, but you have reduced motor-transport to a state bordering on chaos. I assure you that voters will not readily forgive such crass folly. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

Dear Sir,—So inadequate is a one-storied wooden building which serves as an employment exchange at Burnley that recently more than a dozen women had to be removed in the ambulance whilst waiting for hours in the crush outside the door. It is tragic that women workers, many in a delicate state of health, should have to undergo such an ordeal in order to obtain their just due, and, in the name of common-sense, to say nothing of humanity, I demand an extension of the facilities. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Sir,—The uneven manner in which justice is dispensed has long been a national scandal. "I will give you one more chance," the Lord Mayor of London recently remarked to a labourer of sixty who was charged with shop-breaking. The prisoner was discharged. At Devizes, on the same day, a man of eighty was sent to three years' penal servitude for obtaining food and lodging by false pretences. Both had equally bad records. Here is something that shrieks for your personal attention. John Bull.

To Mr. RENNIE SMITH, M.P., Valley Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

Dear Sir,—Rightly do you denounce Lord Cushendun's figures on disarmament as a bare-faced advertising stunt to whitewash the British Government. The truth is that, in this respect, we are the most heavily taxed nation in the world, and it is downright hypocrisy for our diplomats to proclaim themselves on the side of wise men and the angels. It is up to the people to make their will in this vital matter effective.

John Bull.

To the Rev. J. SHEPHERD, Islington Chapel, N.

Dear Sir,—Although hard things are sometimes said about the Islington police by those who do not know them, you find them not "moody mandarins" but the big brothers of the children and the poor, "and that Father Christmas often walks through Islington in a policeman's uniform." This is high praise, which I hope will continue to be well deserved. It will be a sorry day when the British police force falls from the high estate in which public esteem has popularly placed it.

John Bull.

To the BOARD OF GUARDIANS, Easthampstead.

Gentlemen,—An inmate of an infirmary under your jurisdiction told a guardian that since Christmas no nurses had been on night duty in the institution. He had been unable to get clean clothes, and sometimes even soap was not available. "The man was in a dirty condition when he was allowed to go out," testified Capt. Wilson. You have ordered an enquiry and I trust that you will countenance no attempt to whitewash those responsible. John Bull.

To Mr. C. F. MILWARD, Chairman, Highways Committee, Worcester.

Dear Sir,—When opposing a motion to increase the 30s. weekly wage paid to roadmen, you claimed that the council was bound to accept the cheapest available labour. Never in my life have I heard a more cold-blooded contention, for its logical conclusion is that if men can be starved into submission to slavery employers would be justified in taking full advantage of their extremity. John Bull.

To Mr. STANLEY FEWSTER, Coleridge Road, Crouch End.

Sir,—"Spiteful fool" was the description applied to you by the North London magistrate when he fined you £4 with £1 costs for stealing the fitments of a motor-cycle. That you did this to prevent the owner taking out a girl you fancied adds to your offence. A man willing to turn thief through vulgar jealousy sinks back to primitive emotions. John Bull.

To the VICAR of BORDEN, Near Sittingbourne.

Rev. Sir,—From what portion of the Gospel of Jesus Christ do you assume authority to refuse permission for the funeral bell to be tolled because Mrs. Rosina Mackelden, aged eighty, whose burial took place in the churchyard, was a Non-conformist? This intrusion of petty prejudice into the solemnity of death is scandalous and contemptible. John Bull.

To Mr. ARCHIBALD BURGIN, Barking, E.

Dear Sir,—Your bravery in going to the rescue of two young men in the water at Mill Pool, Barking Creek, one of whom you saved, was an admirable thing. The coroner's testimony that "you simply behaved as Barking men always do behave in such circumstances" added to its lustre. The best thing in life a man can do is to carry on a really fine tradition. John Bull.

To Mr. J. H. DAIN, Chief Constable, Norwich.

Dear Sir,—The boys' club started ten years ago by you, which now has a membership of 7,000 has done much to withhold the lads of your city from the dangerous influence of the streets. Your motto, "Live pure, Speak true, Right wrong, Honour the King!" would take a bit of beating, and it would be well for the country at large if similar beneficent institutions were opened up throughout the land. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Sir Malcolm Robertson:—"It is to salesmanship we must look for the spread of British trade abroad."

Then why don't politicians stop interfering and let salesmanship get busy?

* * *

Dr. James A. Bowie:—"The coal industry is a sort of trap."

With the unhappy faculty of nipping the worker harder than it pinches the employer.

* * *

Professor Allyn Young:—"I know of no facts which indicate that British industry is less efficiently organised or less ably conducted than that of any other country."

Except the trifling facts of the complete disorganisation of the coal industry and a million and a quarter unemployed!

* * *

Major L. Urwick:—"No large modern concern can function if the basis of association is 'every man for himself.'"

Which accounts for the tottering state of our basic industries.

PREPARING FOR THE BIG BURST

Ol' Man *Pipe!*

"He must know sump'n, but he don' say noth'n" . . .

For the man who prefers a Flake—
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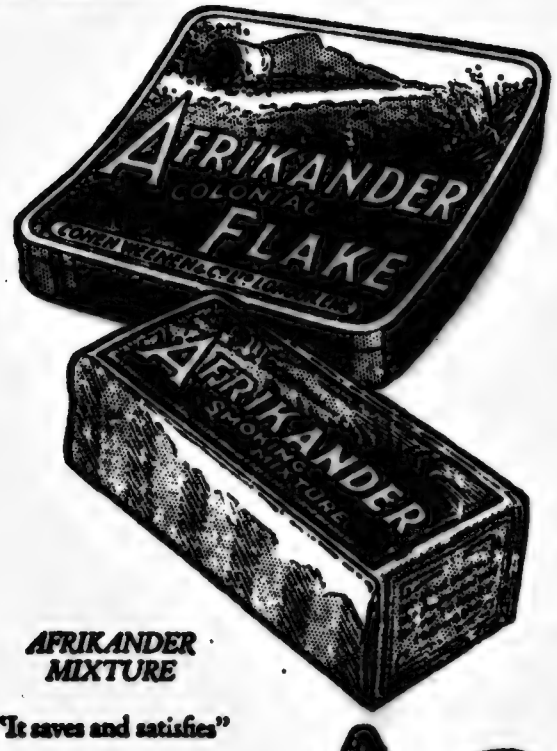

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"It saves and satisfies"

But—I know what he knows! He "don' say noth'n" but—we just keep smoking along. What's the deep, dark secret? It's no secret, boys. It's Afrikander.

If my ol' man pipe could talk, he'd say "Never load me with anything else—if you want the same mellow, cool, fragrant, satisfying smoke I'm giving you now." I *know* he'd say that, because ever since I started smoking Afrikander I've never had a tongue-bite or a parched throat—nor will I ever get one!

Your ol' man pipe can't talk, either. But try him with a pipeful of Afrikander. And, more eloquent than mere words, he'll show his approval when he hands you the good old blue clouds of smoke-joy—and keeps on doing it—dependably, for ever. It's yours for 7½d. an ounce.

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"It saves and satisfies"

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

CABINET MINISTER *EXPOSED*

The Tiger who Tasted Blood

A TIP *for the* NEXT ELECTION

WHEN the General Election comes, there is one man who under no consideration whatever should be allowed to return to Parliament. At the first possible opportunity Mr. Winston Churchill must go, and go this time for good. The country simply cannot afford him.

In his "Memories and Reflections," the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith has a good deal to say here and there about Mr. Winston Churchill. Hardly any of his remarks have been printed outside his book. It is time that they were given a much wider publicity. It is time the country knew what a man who had exceptional opportunities of knowing Mr. Churchill really thought about him.

Here are some of the most enlightening passages:

"I found when I arrived here this morning a telegram from Winston, who proposed to resign his office in order to take the command in the field of these great military forces. Of course, without consulting anybody, I at once telegraphed to him warm appreciation of his mission and his offer, with a most decided negative, saying we could not spare him at the Admiralty. . . . Winston is an ex-lieutenant of Hussars, and would, if his proposal had been accepted, have been in command of two distinguished Major-Generals, not to mention Brigadiers, Colonels, etc."

"WINSTON is in great form and I think has thoroughly enjoyed his adventure. He was quite ready to take over in Belgium, and did so in fact for a couple of days, the Army, the Navy and the civil Government.

"Since I came back I have had a long call from Winston, who, after dilating in great detail on the actual situation, became suddenly very confidential and implored me not to take a conventional view of his future.

"Having, as he says, tasted blood these last few days, he is beginning, like a tiger, to raven for more, and begs that sooner or later—the sooner the better—he may be relieved of his present office and put in some kind of military command. His mouth waters at the sight and thought of K.'s new armies. . . . .

"For about a quarter of an hour he poured forth a ceaseless cataract of invective and appeal, and I much regretted that there was no shorthand writer within hearing, as some of his unpremeditated phrases were quite priceless. He was, however, three-parts serious and declared that a political career was nothing to him in comparison with military glory."

And in one blinding flash of illumination Mr. Churchill's late colleague summed him up in a single sentence. "It is a pity," he said, "that Winston has not a better sense of proportion. I am really fond of him, but I regard his future with many misgivings."

WE know to-day how well those misgivings were justified. The recklessness that is so contemptuously portrayed in these quotations is still pushing Mr. Churchill on, even though he occupies the sober, although immensely responsible, post of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

He is audacious, tricky and adventurous, playing with figures as he once played with lives, spending millions with as little thought of the consequences as he once proposed to squander army corps.

From the biggest industry down to the poorest taxpayer the country is suffering severely from the tricks and wangles of Winston Churchill. His "progressive saving of £10,000,000 per annum" has long ago been relegated to the dust-heap on which lie so many broken and forgotten pledges.

There is only one remedy for this sort of thing. The electorate must do as Lord Oxford once did, and, without consulting anybody, give to his request for re-election a "decided negative."

The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

The MILK-BOTTLE *BURGLARS*

Hitting the Weakest

THE milk war was "settled" in the usual way. Interested parties are to pocket more cash. Children who never had enough milk are to go shorter still. And—the public is to pay.

That, briefly, is the position after all the high-falutin, noble-sounding sentiment of the combatants about "only desiring the best interests of the public," after the dignified "watching brief" held by the Government, and after the solemn protestations of "non-combine firms" that they, at any rate, would see customers were "all right."

They are doing it by banging up milk prices with the rest. We agree with Mrs. Drapper, of the Food Council, that this sort of settlement is most unsatisfactory and disturbing. It has made it perfectly clear that as things are managed it costs as much, if not more, to distribute milk as to produce it.

It apparently costs no more to rent a farm, breed cows, feed them, care for them day and night, winter and summer, and milk them than it does to bottle up the milk and to send it rattling round in carts to consumers.

This is not amusing. It is a tragedy. If in a year 600,000,000 gallons of milk go from farmer to consumer through the dairies the people of England and Wales must pay at least £1,500,000 more for every 100,000,000 gallons they consume.

It is a tragedy for the hundreds of thousands of poor people throughout the country already pinched almost beyond endurance by the high price of food.

We will make an even stronger statement. We say that it spells death for children in the mining areas already on the verge through semi-starvation and malnutrition.

It is hard enough to secure any grants for milk supplies now. Every excuse is used to cut them off. These wicked excuses will be easier to find with every farthing increase in price.

The present situation, in the most barefaced way, flouts the Linlithgow Report, which declared: "We consider that the charge for distribution is capable of marked reduction from the nominal sum of 1s. a gallon which is at present operative."

That decision was not arrived at before a most exhaustive study of the methods and cost of producing and distributing milk in this country. This report produced nothing. Nor have we any hope that the special enquiry called by the Food Council will produce anything. It is only too clear that under the present Government profiteering is to go its unchecked way.

A GAG For a Clogger

THE letter addressed to the *Daily News* from a group of Liberals who attended the recent meetings of the Assembly of the League of Nations holds more than a passing significance.

The signatories are concerned to keep the work of the League outside the realms of Party politics.

That is the reason why they are profoundly disturbed. For, as far as this country is concerned, the work of the League is being clogged and hampered, so far as that is possible, by the strong Party bias of the British delegate, Lord Cushendun.

At the very moment when a surprise invitation was issued to the Naval Powers to discuss their differences in Paris, by what right did Lord Cushendun interpose with a "personal warning" that not a single one of the five Powers concerned would accept the invitation?

Lord Cushendun, like any other delegate, is sent to Geneva to represent the British nation, and not to express personal opinions.

Of course, this intended brake upon the wheels is ignored. What Lord Cushendun says does not affect the stream of work at Geneva two straws.

But that is the trouble. To send such a delegate to Geneva at all is gravely to imperil the leadership which Great Britain has hitherto displayed.

And it is to the vital necessity of maintaining this lead that the 227 Liberals at Geneva address their complaint.

Even more significant is the bomb which Mr. William Harrison, chairman of the Inveresk Paper Co., has thrown in another direction at Government policy in preferring a yearly expenditure of 110 millions on "doles" to 220 millions on work.

"If Mr. Baldwin cannot apply those principles let him get out" says Mr. Harrison. We would only add, "And without doing any more harm before he goes."

The CLOUD OVER the BLUE

Why Expect Wings?

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. Justice Humphreys, who sentenced Clayton and Stevens to eighteen months' imprisonment

THERE is no doubt that Robert is under a cloud in these days. If I think it is an unjust cloud, it is not because I do not share the indignation properly aroused by recent events, but because I try to preserve a sense of proportion in these matters. It is easy to lose that sense of proportion and to base a general indictment on particular incidents.

It is tempting, but irrational. If I find a rotten apple or two on my tree, I do not forthwith condemn the whole crop to the rubbish-heap. But whenever there is a police exposure there is a tendency in the public mind to think that the whole force is rotten to the core.

That tendency was encouraged by an unfortunate remark of Sir H. Curtis Bennett in the recent case of Clayton and Stevens, who suggested that their conviction would be a verdict of condemnation of the Metropolitan Police Force. That outrageous suggestion was very properly repudiated by the judge.

Distrust and suspicion

It would be as reasonable to say that the recent conviction of solicitors in London, Reading and Cardiff of stealing their clients' money was a verdict of condemnation of the whole legal profession. Or to take another example, it would be as reasonable to say that the conviction of a priest for immorality was a condemnation of the whole clerical profession.

No one says or thinks such nonsense. No one thinks that the foundations of the law are tottering in the one case or that the foundations of religion are collapsing in the other.

But a police exposure does undoubtedly create a general distrust and suspicion in the public mind. It would almost seem as if the public supposed that, while an occasional black sheep in the law or the Church or any other profession was to be expected, the appearance of an odd black sheep in a blue uniform was a phenomenon that shattered faith in everybody who wore a blue uniform.

Model for all

There is a reason for this, but first let us look at the unreason of it. The police, like the ranks of the law or the Church, are recruited from the common stock of mankind. They are not plaster saints, but ordinary men, carefully selected it is true, with characters and qualities that have been rigorously investigated.

But no amount of care will prevent an occasional rascal passing the test in the police force as in the Church or the law. When he is discovered to be a rascal or untrustworthy, he deserves the severest penalties.

It is not fair that his exposure should reflect on the general standard of the service. That standard is, I believe, higher in this country than in any other country in the world, with the possible exception of Germany. By comparison with the standard in America, where the police are notoriously corrupt, our force is a company of white-robed saints.

And against the occasional exposure of their misdeeds there should be placed the much more frequent revelation of their gallantry, courage and loyalty to the public interest.

The perils of their calling are only remembered in the light of such tragedies as that of P.C. Gutteridge on the lonely Essex roads; but those perils are the everyday part of their lot, and never more than now when the motor-car has added so enormously to the equipment of the criminal class.

Servants and masters

But while the public nervousness in regard to the police seems unfair, it is quite intelligible. There is no relationship so delicate and so liable to suspicion as that of the police and the public. The police are at once our servants and our masters.

We commit to them tasks which lay them open to temptations of the most insidious kind. We expect them to be as familiar with the underworld as if they belonged to it, but to remain invulnerable to its bribes and uncontaminated by its teachings. We give them a power over our lives and our reputations which if improperly exercised can do incalculable harm.

The shocking case of Clayton and Stevens has thrown a fresh light upon that power in its relation to one stratum of society, and there have been incidents in the West End which have shown how formidable it is in the case of people whose position and reputation make them peculiarly vulnerable to attack.

Not infrequently there has been a strong suspicion that loyalty to the Force has taken precedence of loyalty to the public and the truth, and that in the interests of a conviction the false testimony of one witness has been supported by the false testimony of another.

It is not unnatural that these things create profound disquiet in the public mind. What happened to X to-day may happen to me to-morrow is the instinctive comment. Nothing that was said in the debates in the Savidge case struck home so acutely as Sir John Simon's "Suppose this had happened to a daughter of mine."

Twofold moral

It is this sense that we are all at the mercy of the police that explains, if it does not justify, the widespread suspicion of the Force that is aroused by any incident that shows that some member of it has proved unworthy of his trust.

The moral is twofold. It applies both to the public and the police. It is not that there should be an atmosphere of mutual suspicion and distrust between them—that, on the one side, the public should lose confidence in the Force or that, on the other, the Force should labour under a sense of public injustice. This would be a disaster to both.

What we want is mutual confidence, based on the fact that the true interests of the public and the police are one—that is, the execution of justice. The police must recognise that incidents like those which have occurred of late are not so much a crime against the public as a crime against their own order, and their own personal honour.

And the public, on their side, must be fair to the police. They must remember that they are not "miracles in blue," but just ordinary men, often subject to severe temptations and needing to be watched as they, in turn, watch the public.

If they go wrong, they must be punished with the severity which applies to those who betray the most sacred trust. But the occasional offence should not stain the whole uniform, or shake confidence in a Force which, taken in the mass, is the envy of the world.

MARMADUKE *the* TO

by ARNOLD MA

IT is quite possible that by the time this article appears the Anglo-French Naval Pact will have been quietly dropped overboard; but whether dropped or not, Foreign Office methods, as exemplified by the way the negotiations for the Pact were carried on, ought not to escape discussion.

Mr. A. F. Holt

Many of us, Members of Parliament as well as ordinary people, declared during the war that the end of the war should see the end of secret diplomacy.

We proclaimed our belief that a foreign policy which hides vital facts from the nation betrays the nation. We vowed that we would wipe out the old traditions of secret diplomacy and overthrow the control of foreign policy by a narrow clique drawn from one class.

This and that were we going to do. *What have we done?* Just nothing at all!

Ten years after the war finds the Foreign Office as firmly fixed in control of affairs as before the beginning of that war their secretive methods helped first to create and afterwards to prolong—for do not forget that if the military and naval agreements and "obligations of honour" first referred to on August 3, 1914, had been published earlier and not kept secret, it is not merely possible, but probable, that the Great War would never have turned France into a cemetery and Europe into a place of wailing.

And also do not forget that it was the secret treaties signed during the war which prolonged the war and threw nations into bankruptcy.

THESE were the secret treaties which turned the "war to end war" into a war to give Constantinople and the Straits to Russia, to partition Persia between Britain and Russia, to give Britain Southern Mespot, and France Syria, and to give Russia a free hand in Poland and to make of the Rhineland a neutral State, and *neither the British people nor Parliament were told one word about them.*

And the tribe of treaty-makers and carriers-on of international "conversations" are still our

Who'll KILL *this* CAVE MAN?

A Greedy Monster of Chaos

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

LONG before the world went mad in 1914, we had in this country, as in every other, what economists, politicians and thinkers of all types called and still call the "problem" of poverty.

It is in very truth a "problem," for with the earth at the disposal of mankind it is a constant source of amazement to anyone who cares to use his brains at all why any man, woman or child should be without sufficient food, without sufficient clothing, or without any of the necessities of life, let alone its luxuries.

Nothing that mankind uses, nothing that he eats or drinks, comes from anywhere except the land or the sea. The minute human labour is applied to Nature, Nature responds in an overwhelmingly prodigal manner.

Yet, despite the fact that Nature is as prodigal as ever she was, despite the fact that man's inventiveness and resource have increased by leaps and bounds, the problem of poverty is not only still here, but is increasing in intensity.

There is something strange in this, something almost terrifying. It is one of the most amazing paradoxes of life that there should be any want at all in the midst of plenty; but want there is for all that, and no one seems able to solve the riddle.

Peace and squalor

Professor Soddy, in his book on "Wealth," puts the matter so clearly that his statement could not be improved. He calls it "an economic paradox," and even to the mind of a child when it is set out so clearly becomes a matter for sheer bewilderment. This is what he says:

"Under the revealing experience of the Great War we saw for the first time in history science used without artificial financial restrictions for purposes of destruction. A degree of liberality and unity of purpose prevailed, which is never lavished upon the less spectacular and more necessary tasks of construction.

"Year after year, the industrialised nations produced an overwhelming tide of munitions of war with the flower of their man-power withdrawn from production. There seemed no physical limit to the extent to which a nation, shaken out of its preconceived habits by the imminent peril at its doors, could turn out the material necessities for its existence.

"Now we have returned to peace and squalor, to idle factories, and farms reverting to grass. We are back as a nation to the pre-war conditions, breeding a C3 race, with a million workers unemployed, unable to feed and clothe ourselves adequately on a military standard, and unable even to build houses in which to live under the existing economic system.

"Yet we have the same wealth and natural resources, the same science and inventiveness, with much more settled and favourable conditions for production, and an army of increased man power being demoralised by enforced idleness.

"The sensationalism of the scientific prophet could hardly imagine anything so sensational as this. A nation dowered with every necessary requisite for an abandoned life is too poor to distribute its wealth, and is idle and deteriorates not because it does not need it, but because it cannot buy it."

The tragedy of to-day

That, I think, puts the matter so clearly that no one could possibly misunderstand what Professor Soddy is talking about. That it is true no one can have the slightest doubt, for we all lived through that period of immense production and we are all living in the following peril of immense depression.

What we did, of course, in simple language, during the war, was to take the whole of our immense wealth and turn it into a colossal debt. We took all the riches of the earth and blew them into thin air.

The tragedy to-day is that, although we did that, Nature is still willing to provide just as much again and even more, and we are simply making no attempt to gather it in.

I am not at all sure that I understand very much of the book to which I have referred. Professor Soddy talks a great deal about money, and the economic laws that underlie its use, its restrictions and its consequences.

While he may be right, I think that the real underlying cause of our dreadful backsliding into

Prof. Frederick Soddy, M.A., F.R.S., who all ges that our money system is rapidly destroying our prosperity

poverty and squalor is due to the fact that, whereas we once had a national outlook, a national good will, and a national determination, we now have them no longer.

During the war years we were as a nation intensely interested in, and immensely intent on, production, with the result that production occurred.

Now we are back in the old welter of grab and greed, we are not interested any longer in how much we can produce in a short time, but how much we can make out of what we do produce.

Callousness and greed

It has always seemed to me far more a human problem than an economic problem.

The essence of human life seems to me to be that a human being needs so much food, so much clothing, a house in which to live, and so on, and that in the earth lies the raw material of all these things. If human labour is applied to the earth all these raw materials can be extracted and fashioned by more human labour into the things we need.

If some have a lot while others have little or nothing, it is not to my mind a question of weird and wonderful economic law, but a question of sheer human callousness, human greed, and human indifference.

We persist in behaving as though economic laws are as fixed and changeless as the movements of the planets and as inevitable as the revolving of the earth about the sun.

I am not at all sure that this is true. For, after all, these so-called economic laws are made by man. They are the effects of the system of society under which we live. They are not the cause that forces us to live under a certain system. If the system is wrong, it can be altered and if the system is altered a fresh set of laws will appear.

What is wanted

My simple mind cannot take in the fact that an economic law is greater than the divine law that bids us feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

When it was a question of feeding them and clothing them in order that they might be fit fighting animals to go out and slay their fellows, there was no difficulty whatever. Why should there be any difficulty now in feeding them and clothing them that they may be happy and useful citizens in a peaceful country?

I have an idea that it is not because we cannot; it is because we will not.

Politics and economics have become dehumanised. What we want to-day is not fancy economic political theories, but a little kindliness of heart and a great deal of solid human good will.

...D-MAKER

...MAN HOLT

masters. What the war taught us we have forgotten.

The Foreign Office is still the preserve of one class, the favoured members of which believe they have a divine right to control a national policy, and who contemptuously flout the elected representatives of the people and deny the right of the common people to know the direction in which they are being led.

It is enough for us to know where we are going after we have got there—and then it is too late to change direction.

A TYPICAL example of the way in which the Foreign Office contemptuously ignores public opinion in Britain is to be found in the Anglo-French Naval Pact I have mentioned.

The whole proceedings in connection with this Pact give one the impression that our diplomats (so-called) really believe that ordinary people have nothing at all to do with what the Foreign Office may or may not wish to do.

It is our part to pick up the pieces and pay for repairs if the Foreign Office's bright young men lead us into a smash-up.

The Pact is supposed to be a proposal intended

The Whispering Wreckers

to be placed before the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament. If intended to serve the cause of peace, good.

But any proposal designed to promote the cause of peace must have the widest publicity behind it, since all treaties and all pacts must rest on public opinion if they are to be worth the ink of the signatures.

This Pact has been kept utterly secret, with the result that it has introduced discord into more than one European country as well as in America.

Secrecy breeds suspicion and fear, and because the British Foreign Office has refused to publish the text of the Pact our friendship with Italy has been shaken and in America the Kellogg Pact is threatened.

IF there is nothing in the Pact to cause alarm, why not publish it? If there is something in the Pact to cause alarm, again why not publish it? Why should we in Britain be kept in ignorance of something which may vitally concern us? Why should the Foreign Office be permitted to upset Europe by a stupid insistence on a policy of secrecy?

If the Pact is dropped without the publication of the text, perhaps some Member of Parliament will ask for it later. I can, at least, promise that.

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PENSIONS FOR ALL at 60!

Jobs for a Million

by FRANK BAILEY, F.F.I.

IT is now about four years since the Conservative Party secured the reins of government by an overwhelming majority on the sacred and definite pledge to cure unemployment. How far has it redeemed its pledge?

On August 13, 1928, the total number of persons on the registers of employment exchanges in Great Britain was 1,314,200. In addition to this, there were over a million persons receiving Poor Law relief.

In one single year there has been an increase of 292,050 human beings, mainly in the prime of life, consigned to that worst of all punishments, enforced idleness.

The prime function of a Government is either to find work for its citizens or to make adequate provision for them during unemployment.

The present Government has done neither. Unemployment benefit, on which it was totally insufficient to subsist, has been cut down ruthlessly.

Wages big drop

But the most damning indictment which can be laid at the door of the Government is its willingness at all times to encourage and assist the employing class to reduce wages.

The income of the wage-earners during the year 1928, as compared with 1921, was down by £600,000,000 per annum, or, roughly, £11,000,000 per week.

The greatest employer of labour in the country is the working-class housewife. If her husband's pay-envelope is a light one, she has perforce to buy less of the staple necessaries of life.

The takings of the shopkeepers suffer; few orders go to the producers; the employees in producing concerns are thrown idle or put on short time.

Let us try and picture the sad plight of adult males lining up week after week, month after month—yea, and in many cases, year after year—at the employment exchange in order to receive from a beneficent country 17s. per week.

This, in all conscience, is sufficiently demoralising. But it is almost impossible to depict the miserable condition of the young men of nineteen and girls of a similar age who are compelled to exist upon 12s. and 10s. per week respectively.

National peril

During the past eight years we have expended the colossal sum of £600,000,000 in paying men to be out of work.

We must also take into account the slow but sure demoralisation not only of the young and virile unemployed, but also the gradual undermining of the health of those dependent upon them.

Neither are we alone in our unemployment problem. In the United States there are at present about 4,000,000 unemployed, which is a higher percentage than the unemployed in Great Britain.

An extraordinary feature of our industrial system is that whilst we may have a large number of unemployed, we may have a higher output.

If we take the average production and employment over the years

Mr. Frank Bailey, F.F.I. (General Manager, N.U.R. Approved Society, and Hon. Secretary, National Association for Pensions at Sixty)

1923 to 1925 as 100, we find that in 1926 the output was 108 and the employment was 98—that is to say, that 2 per cent. less workers turned out 8 per cent. more commodities.

Worn-out workers

The figures for 1927 showed that this tendency for more output with less labour was moving more rapidly.

This and other countries are passing through an age of machinery. Chemistry and mechanical invention are displacing human labour more and more.

Hence we must get deep down into our minds and souls that unemployment on a large scale is bound to be a permanent feature of the present social system of this and other highly developed countries.

The present tendency is for the machine to dominate the man. This must be reversed. Instead of becoming Robots, we must rise in the full dignity of manhood and make the machine once and for all our servant and added comforter.

The average span of life of every individual who is in industry at the age of eighteen is only forty-three years. Many men and women after forty-three years of toil are practically worn out.

It was never intended that they should work until they dropped. They are entitled to enjoy the few remaining years of their life in happiness and comfort.

Civil servants, soldiers, sailors, policemen, municipal workers, etc., enjoy a pension at sixty, of a fairly adequate amount. This is as it should be.

But it is fit and proper for this section of the community to enjoy this privilege, there can be no legitimate argument against every worker, be he manual or otherwise, irrespective of earned income, being included in a national scheme.

Statesmanlike move

We have a million and a quarter unemployed, whilst at the same time there is a similar number of employed persons of ages ranging from sixty to seventy and over.

The obvious and statesmanlike method to adopt would be immediately to lift out of industry all those over sixty and thereby make way for the great army seeking work.

In addressing meetings upon this absorbing subject, I have been frequently interrogated as to the ability of the nation to bear the cost.

My reply has been that the scheme, upon a contributory basis, would lead to an eventual saving.

Again, I assert that the nation that can afford to pay £1,000,000 a day interest to those who profiteered, in the main, during the Great War, and also to expend 15s. out of every pound of revenue on the cost of past wars and preparations for future wars, can and must be made to bear the expenditure of adequate pensions.

I therefore demand, on behalf of the National Association for Pensions at Sixty, that Parliament should at once tackle the unemployment problem by amending the Widows, Orphans and Old Age Pensions Act 1925, to permit of a pension of £2 per week being given to every worker at the age of sixty, providing he is willing to cease work.

Stern fight

Approximately, 5,000,000 organised workers have declared recently in favour of adequate pensions at sixty. But the passing of resolutions is not sufficient.

The fight that confronts us will be a stern and bitter one. The dogs of reaction and abuse will be employed as they have never been before in the history of the nation.

But the voice of the people is all-powerful. Therefore, let every worker who desires a higher, fuller and more comfortable life, join in this, the greatest crusade the country has experienced during its history.

"In the world's wide field of battle;
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle; be a
hero in the strife."

* * *

Switch off the wireless for half-an-hour this evening, transmit a "Bullets" brain-wave and receive a £2,000 cheque! (See page 35.)

A HAMLET of HORROR

Shadows Down in Shackville

BLIGHT THAT BREAKS MEN'S HEARTS

IN our issue for September 15 we published an article by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson, which dealt with the plight of three hundred families of Stoke-on-Trent, whose homes had been condemned.

So widespread was the interest it aroused that we have carefully investigated general conditions in the locality in question. The result is appalling.

The entire community seems to be under a cloud. To intensified housing horrors is added the dread spectre of unemployment, while the stagnation of local industries and the apathy of the authorities suggest that the cloud will not disperse.

At Smallthorne, near Burslem, several miners and their families are living in caravans or "bungalows." One woman, a Mrs. Nobes, paid £100 for a disused railway carriage!

Dreadful "homes"

Or take the case of Mr. Henry Chalworth, who has lived in a caravan for the past two years, with his wife and two children. Their "home" is divided into two compartments, each about 8 ft. by 7 ft.

To this must be added the bitter fact that industrial conditions enable Mr. Chalworth, who is a miner, to work only three days a week.

His "home," too, is one of five such makeshift dwellings, for which there is no drainage system, and all waste simply runs down into a stream at the bottom of a slope.

At New Ford, near Burslem, there are eleven similar "homes." One, about 10 ft. by 12 ft., is occupied by a bricklayer's labourer and his wife. Work is uncertain, but the weekly rental of 12s. does not vary.

A corrugated iron shed, with a leaking roof and a broken window forms the "home" of a couple with five children. The father has been unemployed for over a year. The rent for this one-roomed hovel is 5s. 6d. a week.

Golden Hill is a pleasant name; but there is nothing pleasant in it for the men and their families who have to make their homes there.

A few months ago the Stoke Corporation abandoned certain tramcars; the discarded vehicles have now been pressed into service as "bungalows" by several families on Golden Hill.

Pitiful painstaking

Or take Ravensdale, where four families are living in barges drawn up upon the canal bank; or the old slag heap at the rear of Sneyd Street, midway between Burslem and Hanley, where odd groups of decaying houses are to be found.

In one group of the latter the thatched roofs are caving in, and bricks have toppled from the top of the wall on to the blackened straw.

The windows are bulging and the doors are shapeless. Paper will not remain on the walls inside and the floors are rough and uneven.

It is pitiful to see what pains housewives have taken to make the interior of these hovels as spotless and bright as possible. Most of the husbands are unemployed, yet the rentals of these shacks range from 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. a week.

We will not prolong this dismal tour, but will turn instead to the question of unemployment, which will yield us horrors enough.

One large pottery is considered "extremely busy" at the moment

Alderman T. C. Wild, Mayor of Stoke-on-Trent

because it is working four days a week.

A big iron and steel concern has been in the hands of a receiver for three months now, while 2,000 of its employees have been without work for two years.

Workers' tragedy

Three blast furnaces have been idle for the past three years, and a steel plant, which is known to be one of the best equipped in the world, and which cost £250,000, has operated for only six months in a period of two and a half years.

When the night shift was stopped a month ago, it involved the dismissal of 500 men.

After the above stoppage, charabanc after charabanc was run into Burslem to bring men to sign on at the employment exchange in their hundreds.

The tragedy from the workers' point of view is best shown by official figures at the employment exchange. As recently as September 8, the total unemployed registered at Stoke-on-Trent had reached the staggering total of 24,735.

In addition to all these thousands there are 10,657 men and 4,145 women who are working short time.

Countless thousands are receiving relief from the guardians, and forceful evidence of the dreary tramp in search for work can be gathered at almost any cobbler's, where footwear that should have been discarded long ago is being patched and repatched so long as it will hold together.

Denied the "dole"

Yet, among this luckless horde are many who find themselves singled out by employment exchange officials as "not genuinely seeking employment."

Their cases come before a Court of Referees, which decides whether they shall be referred to the Umpire in London or whether they shall continue to draw the "dole."

In the event of an adverse decision these unhappy ones have no right to a further appeal save through an association.

Harold Roberts, of Burslem, lives in rooms, and his wife is expecting to become a mother. The pottery where Roberts used to work went bankrupt, and since then the Court of Referees has denied him the "dole."

He drew 8s. a week for three weeks from the guardians, and now is faced with the prospect of taking his expectant wife into the workhouse.

W. Cartwright, also of Burslem, was disabled in an accident underground three years ago, and granted 23s. 6d. a week compensation. This he sacrificed a year or so ago when he tried to do light work.

He was not equal to the strain, however, and has not since been able to find anything suitable. Yet he, too, is denied the "dole" on the ground that he is "not genuinely seeking employment."

S. Jones, of Sneyd Hill, has a wife and two children, and a third is expected. He recently had the offer of part-time work in a sewerage, but the doctor could not advise him to take it as he suffers from tuberculosis.

His "dole" has now been stopped by the Umpire in London for the same "stock" reason.

Inexcusable delay

What future is there for the victim of this ghastly dual blight of housing horrors and industrial stagnation? One can understand how the stoutest hearts are being broken, how hope must long ago have given way to despair, and despair to apathy.

But there is no excuse for the authorities in sharing that apathy. What has the Corporation of Stoke-on-Trent to say for itself?

The blight must have been gathering steadily for some time, and it is scandalous that it should have been allowed to grow into the menace it now constitutes.

One thing is certain. Something must be done for the people of Stoke-on-Trent, and if the local authorities cannot do it the Government must step in and take drastic action.

* * *

Famous croupier reveals secrets of Monte Carlo. (See "The People" next Sunday.)

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"Elasto has been a godsend to me and you may publish my letter for the benefit of other sufferers, who I do hope will send for your splendid treatment.

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The TISSUE PAPER BABY

A Dead Child's Challenge

THERE was signed in Paris recently, with a fanfare of trumpets and a flourishing of flags, Kellogg's great conception of a Pact to outlaw war. The ink on that historic document was scarcely dry before the wreckers started.

"I warn you not to expect much from the Pact," said our representative to a large audience. "You can never alter human nature."

Then God help human nature if it allows itself to be stampeded into another war! It is ten years since the Armistice, and yet every day of my life I see the tragic effects of that great cataclysm.

A man with a heart of stone would have felt a pang of pity for William Benson. He looked old and haggard, his face was deathly pale, and in his eyes was hopeless despair.

"Our little baby," he started—and then he stopped. "What is the trouble?" I asked him kindly.

He brought out a little note-book and a pencil. "I am deaf," he explained; and as he desired I repeated my question in writing.

In moving tones he told me of a fresh sorrow that had come into his life. His baby girl, a few months old, had been taken ill. And that is how Jenny Benson became a patient in our children's ward.

War the wrecker

Her tiny body was wasted by a disease which has its roots in starvation. "She has a constitution as frail as tissue paper" was the comment of the doctor.

With her father, mother, and five other children, she lived in a basement room in Clerkenwell. The father, owing to his deafness, found it difficult to obtain employment, and their only sure income was the money which Mrs. Benson earned.

Eight bodies to keep, clothes to buy and rent to pay, on 25s a week! Can you wonder that that family had often to go without the bare necessities of life?

Yet all their troubles dated from the war. Mr. Benson served for three years in France, and when he was demobilised he returned to his work as a motor-van driver. In less than two years he had become stone deaf and lost his job.

He appealed to the medical board for a pension, but the case went against him. If my recollection serves me right, a grateful country promised to look after the heroes whom we sent out to fight and to die!

Haunting dread

A few days later, a painful scene was witnessed in our children's ward. By one of the cots stood a man and a woman. On the cot lay the still and silent form of Jenny Benson.

"Baby is dead," moaned the woman. "My baby is dead!" And, like Rachel of old, that woman had touched the depths of a sorrow unspeakable.

The next day I made my way to that gloomy basement in Clerkenwell. Mr. Benson was out, and for a few moments I sat talking with his wife. Then he came in, his face slightly flushed.

He placed two half-crowns on the rough, deal table, and his voice sounded utterly weary as he said, "I have sold the pram to Mrs. Johnson."

With tears in her eyes, Mrs. Benson let me into the secret. "We don't want baby to be buried by the parish," she said. "But the funeral will cost £4 15s., and we haven't the money to pay for it."

And so they were disposing of the only available things in that poverty-stricken home.

Food, they had little or none; their clothes were mostly threadbare or in rags; but that man and that woman were possessed of a great pride—they did not want their bairn to be buried by the parish.

Philip Inman

It was after the funeral that I saw Mr. Benson again. A man who had heard his tragic story had given him some temporary work. Owing to his affliction it was difficult to talk with him, but I handed him the evening paper whilst I chatted with his wife.

Suddenly he looked up. "So they are busy with this Peace Pact," he said, and I detected in his voice the first trace of bitterness. "It's a good thing," he went on. "If another war came along they wouldn't get me again, not at the end of a bayonet!"

And I know a good many more who share Mr. Benson's opinion.

The Sentence of the Court

A NOISOME NOSE ANNOYER

CHARGED with permitting a nuisance calculated to endanger the public health, Neville Chamberlain asked for an adjournment, on the ground that he had just returned from a holiday and had not had a chance to make himself familiar with the matters referred to in the indictment.

This request having been refused, he pleaded "Not guilty," with the air of a righteous man sorely wronged.

"This is not the first occasion on which the Minister responsible for preserving the public health has been charged with endangering it," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C.

"Lately he was indicted for his neglect of the noise plague. But his indifference to assaults upon our ears is as nothing compared with his refusal to deal with affronts to our noses.

"The present charge arises out of his failure to face the problem of devising new and less loathsome means for dealing with London's refuse.

"That he should actually ask for an adjournment to familiarise himself with this unsavoury question is in itself evidence of neglect, for a report on the subject has for long been lurking behind a fortification of cobwebs in his own office.

"Although he may have forgotten this document, householders living near the horrible dumps with which it deals cannot enjoy the luxury of a similar lapse of memory, for what were once pleasant residential districts have been made foul and offensive by great heaps of reeking refuse which pollute the atmosphere for miles round.

"Middlesex, Surrey and Essex have been made the unhappy dumping-grounds for London's household refuse, much of it putrid and all of it objectionable. On these foul heaps rats congregate in thousands, thinking they have been prematurely admitted to Paradise.

"Flies find them places of unholy joy, and a wonderful innings is enjoyed by thousands of crickets who, finding themselves on an unexpectedly good wicket, force householders to endure noise as well as noisesomeness."

* * *

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that it was one thing to object to these dumps and quite another to suggest a practicable alternative. He could assure the Court that the report to which counsel had made sarcastic reference had not been forgotten. But it was really most unfair that his client should be rushed at in this way so soon after his holiday.

* * *

"I AM sorry," said Mr. Justice Bull, "if the prisoner, because of justifiable criticism, is feeling down in the dumps. But if he had been 'down' *on* the dumps long ago his melancholy might have been avoided.

"It is scandalous that the world's wealthiest city should deal with this problem on such archaic lines. London produces 5,000 tons of refuse daily, and about 80 per cent. of this is dumped in crude form!

"To suggest that residents in the dump districts must continue to endure this sort of stench warfare because there are no other methods is ridiculous.

"The burning of refuse is infinitely more sanitary, and in some places has been made quite profitable, by linking it up with the supply of power or the manufacture of briquettes.

"If the present state of affairs continues, our so-miscalled Health Ministry will become merely a second (or Foul) Air Ministry, and its head will not readily gain acceptance for schemes to deal with extravagant boards of guardians while he sanctions a system under which rats are kept out of the rates.

"As the prisoner complains that he has not familiarised himself with the details upon which this charge was based, I will afford him an opportunity of doing so, on the practical lines of a 100 per 'scent' efficiency expert, by directing him to visit the scenes of the crime without a gas-mask."

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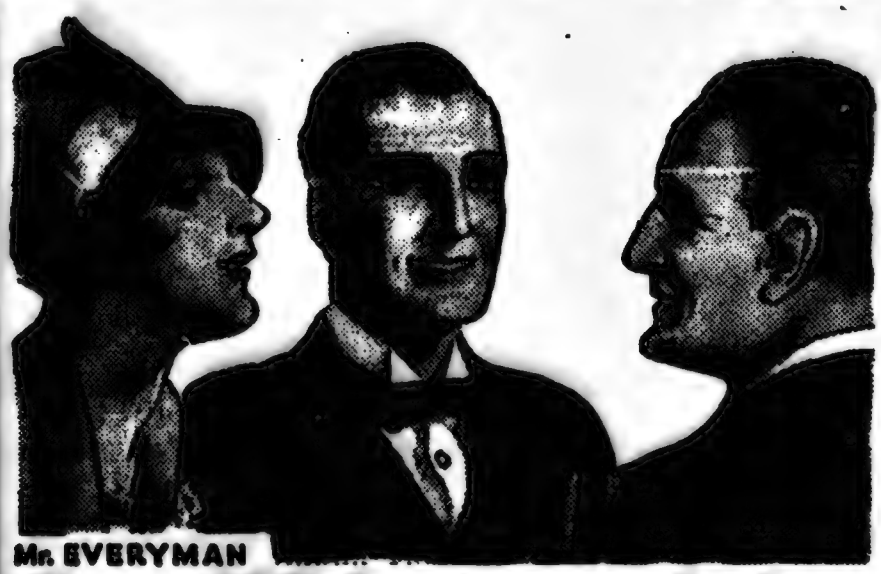

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Mr. Drage: Yes. You see nothing will be added to your account for 50 Pay-Way terms.

Mr. Everyman: That's very good of you. Now I'd like your Drage Protection if you give it on an account with such long credit.

Mr. Drage: We give it to every customer. Here is yours.

Mr. Everyman: Ah, if I'm ill or unemployed and can't go on paying I just keep what I've paid for.

Mr. Drage: Less an agreed reasonable deduction for use and cartage. And your Free Fire and Life Policy will be issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company and sent you at once.

Mr. Everyman: Well, mine is a small order, but if it had been ten times as large I couldn't have had greater courtesy or better terms—without, too, being asked for even a single reference.

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Words Winged to Women

A PAINT POT *to* HIDE *a* PLAGUE

Sob Stuff and Stark Reality

by MABEL HORNER

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Baldwin can make a good speech. He can make a pleasant speech. There is a Quaker strain in his ancestry. It seems to infect some of his public utterances with a strange sort of gentleness.

This is most apparent when he talks about England and homes. "To me England is the country, and the country is England," he says.

"The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in a country smithy, the cornerakes on a dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against the whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill . . ." he goes on in any number of well-turned sentences of poetic description.

He is even more inspiring when he comes to the homes. "Nothing can be more touching than to see how the working man and woman, after generations in the towns," says Mr. Baldwin, "will have their tiny bit of garden, if they can, will go to gardens, if they can, to look at something they have never seen as children, but which their ancestors knew and loved.

"The love of these things is innate and inherent in our people. It makes for the love of home, one of the strongest features of our race."

This love of home, says Mr. Baldwin, is so strong that wherever our people go the first thing they try to make is a home.

Nice words like these (and they are true words) have been widely circulated since Mr. Baldwin became Premier. They have been widely read in America.

Pretty talk

What America thinks of them compared with the facts, also widely published, of what England's countryside is really like and what the homes of "the working man and woman" in England, Scotland and Wales are really like, after nearly five years of Mr. Baldwin's administration, I can only guess.

I know what they sound like to me. They sound like merely pretty talk that is a bitter mockery of the facts. For consider the homes of the home-loving working men and women of this country in the light of these facts.

"Four ghastly horsemen ride rampant through the mining districts of Great Britain," says the Miners' Executive; "they are unemployment, hunger, misery and tragedy, and they are known in nearly every miner's home. There are 324,000 miners idle and others are on short time."

I lay down the document that gives me these facts and take up another. It is a report from the ancient "Meeting for Sufferings" of the Society of Friends. It deals to-day with sufferings in the homes of Wales.

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Prime Minister, who declares Great Britain to be a nation of home-lovers

"The position is getting worse. In many districts the authorities are afraid to look at the winter. The standard of life is being gradually lowered. People are going on living on less and less. The health of the mothers is a serious matter. The milk legislation is practically a dead letter. Every excuse is being used to refuse the grants."

Again, I lay down this document and take up another. This comes from a political organisation on the spot. The secretary heads his letter "S.O.S."

"In these two villages near Aberavon one colliery is closed and the other dismantled and abandoned. In consequence 5,000 men are struck as with a blight. Our people are visibly withering. They are in sore need of clothing. Without boots the men cannot even tramp. . . ."

My desk is littered, but all communications tell the same tale. In the Bryn Mawr valley it is possible to gain an idea of what a collapse of civilisation means. Factories and mines are closed; the shops are closed; communal kitchens even have come to an end; tradesmen are bankrupt; rates cannot be paid.

And the same thing is happening in Staffordshire, in Durham, and in Yorkshire.

That is what the present policy of political shirk, shift and drift has done and is still busy doing for the industry of the country.

It is what it has done for thousands of thrifty folk who in better times bought their own little homes and now find their thrift their undoing.

For, where a man in a mining district owns his house, although he cannot sell it, and cannot borrow money on it because he cannot pay interest, he still is dubbed "house owner" and cannot be given relief!

How women can help

That is the picture, and it is a terrible one, although drawn with few strokes. I do not believe it is the last word. I believe that a change will come. We are not, as a people, so devoid of intelligence and grit that we cannot set all our industries on their feet again.

I want the women to grasp the problem that they may help. And there is something I want women, especially women who are well off, to do now. These stricken districts need relief in money and clothes to help them through the dark days of the winter that is now so near.

The Lord Mayor's Fund, I am told, is only enough to touch the fringe of distress, and it is only given in kind. There are addresses in plenty to which such practical, immediate help can be sent.

The Society of Friends has a committee of devoted men and women willing to see that help sent is well spent.

And as one of them said recently, in words that should appeal to every man and woman still claiming to be Christian, "Christ never asked whether or not people were 'worthy.' He just saw the fundamental need of food."

FORTUNE for an *INVALID*

And £2,000 for YOU?

"ADVERSITY makes wise, but not rich," runs the proverb, but optimistic Mr. S. Williamson, of Upcott, Barton, Torquay, has proved that it is not always true. Permanently unable to follow any occupation through ill-health, he looked round for a hobby with which to occupy the dragging hours.

An old reader of JOHN BULL, he started competing in "Bullets" fifteen months ago. Patient in adversity, Mr. Williamson worked steadily at his hobby, winning an occasional small prize.

And then for Competition No. 687 he sent in a brilliant "Bullet"—OUR LAWS—JUST—SENTENCES, JUST ANYHOW. It pointed in telling fashion to good laws badly administered and won for him the First Prize of 1,000 Guineas.

Pleasure and profit

So a "real blessing," as he styles it, has come to one who started out with the ambition to win a First and "stuck it" until he did succeed. "Now," says Mr. Williamson, "I shall always look back with gratitude to the prize that has assured my future."

Many are the cases in which the unexpected arrival of a big "Bullets" cheque has relieved the pressing anxieties of a JOHN BULL reader.

Mr. W. Longbottom, of 10, Richmond Terrace, Waterloo Street, Hull, who recently won 300 Guineas, is an engineers' patternmaker in the early forties.

Like many others, he had suffered through slackness in the engineering industry. But he was a "Bullet" maker in his spare time and after various small awards, his perseverance was rewarded by a handsome cheque for 300 Guineas, which came when he was trying to enjoy a week's holiday without pay.

"Be persistent and study the winning lines" was the motto of Mr. H. J. Irvine, an Irish schoolmaster of Ballinacor, Portadown, Co. Armagh, who was a £500 winner a week or two ago.

Every father will appreciate how great a boon his prize has proved, for it means that the education of his three little girls is now provided for.

Women are quick to realise the opportunities which "Bullets" offers to their nimble brains. Many have headed the prize-list, the latest victory for her sex being scored by Miss Agnes Paton, of Foxhall, Coupar Angus, Perthshire.

The happy band

Having had to give up her work as a nurse through ill-health, Miss Paton found her meagre income as a companion-help suddenly augmented by a £400 "Bullets" cheque, which has brought real comfort in her difficulties.

Men and women in all walks of life are getting lifts on the road to fortune by making up good "Bullets." Join this happy band who make "Bullets" a hobby, who thus make long evenings shorter and short purses longer.

Page 35 presents a wonderful list of 2,173 cash awards, including a mighty prize of £2,000. Every one of these prizes *must be* won and the biggest of them all may be yours!

• • •

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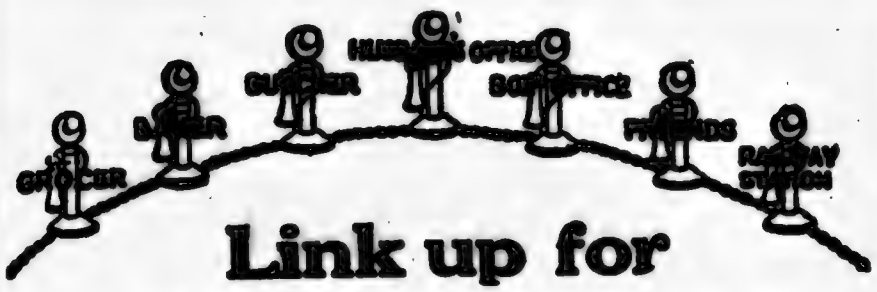

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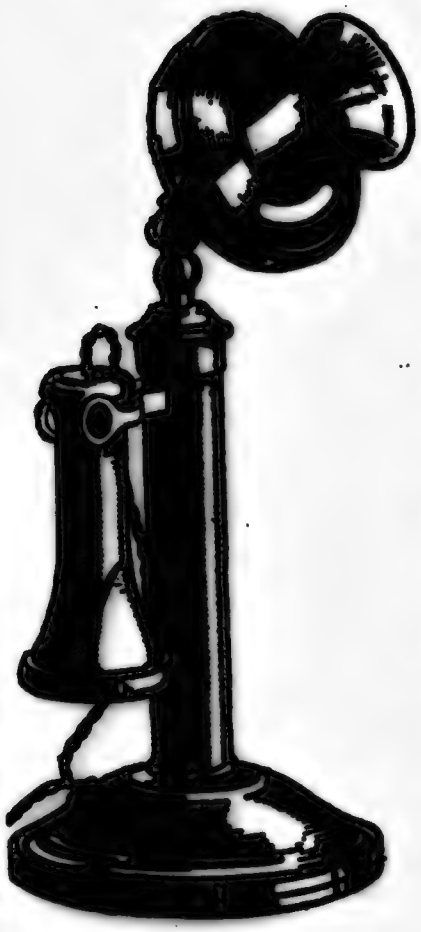

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WATCH THESE SIGNS OF NERVE EXHAUSTION

When health breaks down beneath the Strain of Anxiety or Overwork, and when the sure signs of Nerve Exhaustion, such as Sleeplessness, Depression, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, General Debility, etc., manifest themselves, the popular tendency is to fly to some drug, or so-called "tonic" or stimulant. To do so is futile and harmful: the Nervous System requires nourishment, not Stimulation.

The primary trouble in all phases of Nerve Exhaustion is, the sufferer fails to extract from his daily food the precious concentrated nutrient the Nerve Cells live and thrive upon. No medicine or tonic or stimulant can replace this lost nutritive substance.

The main guiding principle of the modern preservation of health may be said "to prevent." It is far better to think in good time, "What CAN I do for my health?" than to one day have to say, "What MUST I do for my sickness?" Do not make the serious mistake of waiting until illness is knocking at the door with all the signs of a complete nervous breakdown.

The following are some of the many symptoms of weakened or starved nerves.

Insomnia, Irritability, Continual Headache, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Depression, Failing Memory, Troubled Dreams, Languor, etc., etc.

The Muller Nutrient (the formula of which is at the disposal of any recognised medical practitioner) is a highly concentrated Nerve-cell Food, the composition of which is identical with the natural nutrient the Brain and Nerve Cells live upon. It has marvellous reconstructive value in cases of mental and physical exhaustion and in convalescence after serious illness. Being essentially a Food—a very different thing to a mere drug or stimulant—it feeds the whole Nervous System with those vital elements the lack of which accounts for Neurasthenia.

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IT Feeds and Strengthens the Nerves by Natural Methods.

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USED BY 25,000 PROGRESSIVE DOCTORS.

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The Muller Laboratories have put aside a quantity of full-sized boxes of the Muller Nerve Nutrient for distribution for experimental purposes amongst persons troubled with any nervous ailment.

Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for 3 stamps. It will enable you to commence to conquer your nervous trouble, and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force and power.

With this week's trial course will be sent a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

Only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send us your full name and address, with three penny stamps, to 513, The Muller Laboratories, Scientific Food Specialists, 37, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W., and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' trial supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

THE MULLER NUTRIENT, a True Nerve Restorative, free of Inorganic Drugs, from 3s. a box of all good chemists. Superior to any Nerve Food in "powder" form.

WRAPPED IN A JIFFY!

Human Documents

The REWARD *of* HEROISM

A Sister's Temper—Four Years' Silence—In Shylock's Net

PROBLEMS that may be years are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"SOME years ago my friend was seriously injured in his successful efforts to stop a runaway horse, thus saving the lives of two children and their governess.

"His son was in school at the time, and some tactless person hurried to him with the news that his father had been killed.

"So intense was the shock to the boy that two days later he developed fits, which gradually grew more frequent and acute, and he is still attending a nerve hospital for treatment.

"As for my friend, he was laid up for six months by reason of the serious character of his injuries.

"This, however, is my complaint. The boy, who is now nineteen years of age, has never been able to perform any kind of work owing to his fits. This, of course, is a very big drain upon my friend's resources.

"A WEEK or two ago the son was waiting inside the docks entrance, which he had been in the habit of doing for the past year or so to enable him to earn a copper or two running errands for the clerks, etc., employed in the dockyards.

"On this particular occasion, however, a barge-searcher ordered him away. The boy refused, whereupon the man seized his arm and pushed him, and the lad turned and kicked the fellow, who then took him into custody.

"A charge of assault was preferred gainst him, and upon being brought before the magistrate he was remanded for medical report.

"Upon appearing before the magistrate the second time, the boy was brought into open court with handcuffs on his wrists. A boy suffering with fits! God help them if he had had a fit with them on.

"Although the magistrate was most kind and sent the lad to another hospital for further attention, do you not consider it scandalous that for a charge of that nature a young fellow should be treated in a manner befitting only the worst type of criminal?

"This lad is paying very dearly for his father's act of bravery in saving three lives at the risk of his own. What is your opinion?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I appreciate your friend's feelings and my sympathies are with him. I feel sure, however, that the police were unaware of the circumstances or they must surely have acted with less harshness towards the afflicted lad. It is gratifying to observe so commendable an attitude on the part of the magistrate. Tell your friend to write to the society the address of which I send you by post.*

• • •

"I AM the youngest member of a large family, all of whom are married, and none of whom has more than two children, whereas I have five.

"Sauce for the Goose . . ."

"I am the only one living in the country, and each year it has been the custom of my brothers and sisters to send their children down to me for a holiday, but never once have they offered to take any of my kiddies for a change.

"They do not seem to realise that just as their children like to romp in the fields, climb trees and run wild as I allow them to do, so would my children love to see the shops in the towns in which my brothers and sisters live.

"While my husband is frequently unemployed and we live on the plainest possible fare, my relatives are comparatively comfortably off.

"Last year I was expecting another baby, and as my time was getting very near I could not take the children for picnics and walks during their summer holidays.

"I had had my sister's children with me since their breaking-up, and there only remained another week of the summer holidays; therefore, I wrote asking whether my sister would fetch them and take one of mine back for just one week's change.

"To my dismay she arrived by the very next train, packed her children's clothes and took them off in a temper, without so much as a word to me.

"In my condition this naturally upset me, and my husband has since forbidden me to have any of the children again. Yet it seems hard on the kiddies, who cannot help their parents' faults."

"HUMANIST" says: *I agree, but since your relatives are better off than you, they can afford to pay for their children's holidays, and would do so, no doubt, if you did not take them. Make reasonable payment the condition of subsequent visits so that your own children may get a change from the proceeds.*

• • •

"I HAVE been married eight years, and have every reason for the pride I feel in my wife and four splendid children.

"Upon the arrival of our first son, my mother was overjoyed and proved herself a devoted and proud grandparent.

Strange Mother

"Fifteen months later, when my mother knew a further addition was anticipated, there was a terrible scene in the home.

"At that time my wife and I occupied rooms in my parents' house. This trouble culminated in my mother forbidding me to speak to her again.

"Shortly afterwards I found it expedient to remove to a house of my own, and, despite repeated attempts on my part to bury the hatchet and restore harmony, after four years we are as strangers should we chance to meet.

"Some nine months ago my mother asked someone to approach me on her behalf with the suggestion that I should paint and decorate her house.

"Not being too comfortably situated at the time, I gladly acquiesced, and altogether laboured for upwards of fifty hours, in respect of which I received the princely remuneration of 7s. 6d., which I accepted without comment.

"There is still no sign of a reconciliation in view."

"HUMANIST" says: *The fact that you choose to increase your family is no concern of your mother's, provided she is not expected to maintain you all. However, if is time she felt a little remorse for her strange conduct, so why not write her a kindly letter suggesting that all enmity should be at an end? With any heart at all she should respond.*

• • •

DON'T miss your great opportunity to obey the Divine injunction, "Feed My lambs," provided by "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund. (See page 34.)

"HAVING been left a widow with nine children, I got into financial difficulties and foolishly borrowed £10 at 40 per cent. interest from a moneylender.

Same Old Shylock

"A short time afterwards I made application for a further loan of £5, but the moneylender advised me to take £30 on a bill of sale, paying back with interest the £10 I had already borrowed plus the solicitor's fee of £2.

"Up to date, I have paid £62 5s. in instalments. Now I am served with a notice informing me that my liability is a further £17 16s. 4d. to date.

"I have only one son working at present. His wages and the widow's pension represent my sole income.

"This debt is worrying me to death, for the utmost I can pay is 5s. or so fortnightly, and the thought that my home may be seized at any moment should I be unable to maintain my payments is to me a perpetual nightmare.

"Will you advise me if the amount is correct, and if I am still forced to pay?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is the custom with many moneylenders to induce clients to accept a loan of £30, which is the minimum sum on which a bill of sale on effects may be arranged. Thus he is afforded security. Without seeing the bill of sale, I cannot definitely fix the rate of interest you have been paying, but I will advise you more fully by post.*

• • •

Harsh Officialdom

"The mill in which I was employed having been burnt down has thrown me on the 'dole,' and because I had to refuse a job some sixty miles away my money has been stopped. Is not this a hardship when an aged father and invalid brother necessitate my living at home?"

"Humanist" says: *Such a decision on the part of the officials is decidedly wrong. Ask to attend a court of referees and state your circumstances. Form of application is obtainable at the local exchange.*

Dull Boy Jack

"For twelve months I have been employed as a gardener, working seven days a week. All told I have had only six hours granted me as off-time. Last week I asked for the afternoon off if not specially required. This was granted in addition to a week's notice. Pressed for explanation, my employer found fault with work previously praised. Can I now claim payment for half-days withheld?"

"Humanist" says: *I am afraid you are not entitled by law to any half-days, and therefore cannot claim money in lieu thereof, but I hope that you may speedily acquire other employment where you will be afforded time for play as well as work.*

Dead or Living

"My sister who has just lost her husband and is left unprovided for with three little children is very concerned because her 'in-laws' are criticising the economy her lack of means forced her to show in regard to her late husband's burial. Her children would have gone hungry had she spent more."

"Humanist" says: *Your sister was perfectly right not to adorn the dead at the expense of the living. I consider she has shown more respect for her husband's memory in the care of his little ones. His relatives should have contributed the deficiency if they were dissatisfied with the display.*

Pay with Ease For Suites that Please

FREE INSURANCE

Every customer receives FREE a certificate ensuring that in the event of death no further payments are asked for; the goods become the property of the next-of-kin, whether they are paid for or not.

THE SELBY POPULAR SUITE

THIS LUXURIOUS THREE-PIECE SUITE—made by skilled furniture craftsmen—can be yours for the extremely moderate outlay of 8d. A DAY. Exceptionally strong frames are constructed of well-seasoned Birch, specially selected for strength, with ball feet of polished Oak.

The Settee has patent drop-end, making it impossible to work loose. Beautifully upholstered and stuffed, covered with high-grade quality Damask, exquisite designs and colours to suit taste. EVERY PART IS AS GOOD INSIDE AS OUT. Easy-chairs or Settee supplied separately, or Suite complete. WE PACK AND DELIVER FREE the complete Suite to your home on receipt of 10/- deposit to all approved orders, the balance being payable by EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

14 Days' Approval. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

WRITE FOR FREE ART LISTS NOW.

Selby HOUSE MARK

The Selby Manufacturing Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. 615). 21a, Finsbury Street, E.C.2.

Science announces the most modern method of nerve treatment—*The solution of a harassing human problem!*

This is wonderful news indeed for all those whose lives are being wrecked by depression, insomnia, morbid fears, headaches—and other symptoms of nervous exhaustion.

All nervous ills originate from one cause—*the deficiency of those vital gland substances with which Nature feeds the nervous system.*

Nonn—Nature's Own Nerve Nourishment—is the first treatment offered to the public to meet this condition of gland substance deficiency. It is prepared from those elements which the exhausted glands demand and which are vital to the harmonious functioning of our nervous equipment. It is free from narcotics and drugs and therefore not habit forming. It is made under two distinct formulæ to meet the needs of the different nervous systems of men and women.

Nonn builds up anew the store of nervous energy! Restores self-confidence and zest! Brings back physical fitness and mental vigour. Brings them back simply and naturally. Be in tune with Nature—get the new nerve health!

free—An interesting New Book on Nerves

If you would know more about the vital subject of nerves, send for the FREE book "New Light on Your Mysterious Nerves." It contains much valuable information and advice. Send a postcard TO-DAY to proprietors of Nonn.

Nonn FOR NERVES

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Nonn is obtainable from all chemists in tablet form, price 3/- per bottle containing 15 days supply. Red cartons for men. Blue cartons for women.

Proprietors of NONN LTD. J B Laboratories, Coldharbour Lane, London, S.E.5

FREE *to users of* WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

The Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap offer the following prizes to be awarded in order, to the FIRST 44 CORRECT REPLIES to the Crossword Puzzle OPENED AFTER THE CLOSING DATE.

FIRST PRIZE for 1st correct reply opened on Dec. 18th, 1928.

MORRIS OXFORD *value* **£250**

4 DOOR SALOON CAR 14/28 H.P. Four wheel brakes, upholstered in real leather, full equipment, ready for the road. Taxed and insured to end of 1929.

SECOND PRIZE for 2nd correct reply opened on Dec. 18th, 1928.

7 H.P. AUSTIN *value* **£150**

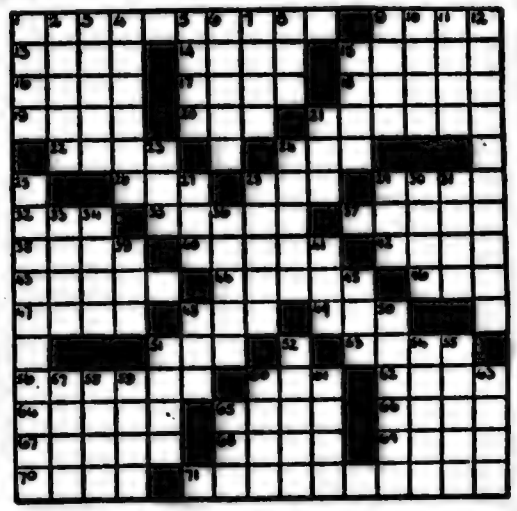
MULLINER FABRIC SALOON. Fully equipped, ready for the road. Taxed and insured to end of 1929.

In the event of the cars being won by foreign or colonial competitors they will be insured, packed and put on steamer free of charge.

12 *Prizes of* **£5** *each*
10 *Prizes of* **£2** *each*
20 *Prizes of* **£1** *each*

Solutions must be accompanied by 3 outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. No other enclosure to be inserted in envelope which must be marked "Crosswords," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50 Southwark Street, London, S.E. 1 to reach this address not later than Dec. 17th, 1928. It is suggested to Colonial readers to forward their replies as quickly as possible, and to see that they are properly franked for postage.

In all cases the decision of the Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERTAINED. Results will be announced in "The Daily Mail," Dec. 22nd and "The Sunday Chronicle," Dec. 23rd.



CLUES

Across

1. Infectious disease, warded off by W.C.T.U. 9. Part of the verb to be. 13. Feminine name. 14. Portend. 15. Ointment (Use Wright's Coal Tar). 16. Close. 17. Plunder. 18. Possession. 19. Entrance. 20. Measure. 21. Fitted. 22. Cosy home. 24. From. 26. Apex. 28. Mother. 29. Wash. (Do this with Wright's Coal Tar Soap). 32. Edge. 35. With soap creates 56 across. 37. Soap. 38. Sharp. 40. Designated. 42. Feminine name. 43. Not so cold as 23 down. 44. Attitude. 46. Affirmative. 47. Paradise. 48. Number. 49. Modern. 51. Spoil. 53. Wiles. 56. Wright's Coal Tar Soap gives a good one. 60. Watering-place. 62. Flower. 64. Tapestry. 65. Isolated. 66. Departed. 67. Chairs. 68. Removed by Wright's Coal Tar Soap. 69. Grunt. 70. Stains. 71. Corrects dislocations.

Down

1. Ballad. 2. Use Wright's Coal Tar Soap and be this. 3. Precious stone. 4. Scarcest. 5. Powerful. 6. Implements. 7. An I-rags. 8. Mark. 9. Inner Bark. 10. Otherwise. 11. Evenings. 12. Skin trouble relieved by Wright's Coal Tar Ointment. 13. On a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. 21. Limb. 23. Full. 24. Passengers. 25. Used for mirrors. 27. Unsafe. 28. Imp. 29. Shelter. 30. Skilfully. 31. Valley. 33. Made very cold. 34. Tube. 36. Become Slenderer. 39. Holes. 41. Lair. 45. Much water here. 46. Product of Coal. 50. Provides the best soap. 51. Confusion. 52. Part of a church. 54. Fish. 55. Born. 57. Surface. 58. Waiter. 59. Headgear. 60. Cleansed by Wright's Coal Tar Soap. 61. Emmets. 63. Prophet. 65. Pass.

In submitting this solution I agree to all the conditions enumerated above.

NAME AND ADDRESS SHOULD BE WRITTEN HERE IN PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS .....

Be sure to mark your envelope "Crosswords."

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O'Brien

COVENTRY

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

I have acted as father and adviser to thousands of others. I give advice free, and when I do so I feel the responsibility of a father either in advising a career or in guiding our students to success. Having been the self-constituted father and adviser to thousands of others, it is possible I may be able to help you and guide your footsteps so that you may make a success of your life.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL & MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD.

IT IS QUITE TRUE

and I state most emphatically that there are thousands of men earning less than half of what they could earn simply because they do not know where the demand exceeds the supply. Thousands of people think they are in a rut simply because they cannot see the way to progress. This applies particularly to Clerks, Book-keepers, Engineers, Electricians, Builders, Joiners, etc. They do not realise that in these particular departments the demand for the well trained exceeds the supply. In Technical trades and in the professions employers are frequently asking us if we can put them in touch with well trained men. Of course, we never act as an employment agency, but it shows us where the shortage is. In nearly every trade or profession there is some qualifying examination, some hall-mark of efficiency. If you have any desire to make progress, to make a success of your career, my advice is free; simply tell me your age, your employment, and what you are interested in, and I will advise you free of charge. If you do not wish to take that advice, you are under no obligation whatever. We teach all the professions and trades by post in all parts of the world, and specialise in preparation for the examinations. Our fees are payable monthly. Write to me privately at this address: The Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield

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Our Letter Parliament

PUT ON *the* SCREW!

Clear Road for Doctors—Another Crime!—Our Wasted Land

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN'S article (JOHN BULL, September 15) is a welcome sign that JOHN BULL'S courageous campaign against the industrial assurance scandal is at last penetrating even to Westminster. It is only too true, however, that reform will only come as the result of unremitting pressure, and as JOHN BULL is the only journal independent enough to tackle this question, its readers must raise the issue in every constituency. —*D. H., Glam.*

Wasted Enquiry

I disagree with Mr. Philip Snowden's suggestion of an enquiry into the assurance business. The last commission on industrial assurance presented sufficient grounds for legislation, and it is to the eternal discredit of all the political Parties that no move has been made to transfer the huge monopoly of assurance business from private hands to the nation.—*T. M., Castletown.*

Under the Thumb

It has always been a mystery why no Government has ever tackled the insurance scandal. Mr. Snowden's article enlightens us. The Government is under the thumb of the companies, and is helpless to prevent this robbery of the thrifty poor. Many votes would be gained by any Party that included this question in its programme at the coming election.—*L. W. T., Newark.*

United Efforts

When a statesman of the eminence of Mr. Philip Snowden adds his testimony to JOHN BULL'S campaign against the industrial assurance scandal, it is surely time for all of us to start. I suggest that each reader takes every opportunity to expose this outrage on the poor and thrifty. Our united efforts will certainly be effective if we be determined to use the munitions JOHN BULL continually supplies.—*A. B., Battersea.*

P.M.G.'s Chance

If the Postmaster-General has any pride in his department, he will wish to rise to greater heights. His opportunity lies in the direction of the Post Office insurance scheme, which, with a few months' intensive advertising, should prove a huge success. Failing this, we must, as Mr. Snowden suggests, concentrate on election candidates. Perhaps JOHN BULL can give us the names of M.P.s who are directors or shareholders of insurance companies.—*Blue Book, Cardiff.*

The Same Game

How can any working man expect the Government to help in the fight against assurance robbery? Insurance with any of the big companies is a voluntary affair, but the Government unemployment scheme compels working men to insure against loss of employment, and then the Government promptly endeavours to find some way to deprive the insured working-man of his benefits.—*C. J. G., Birmingham.*

Two Years' War

For two years JOHN BULL has, alone, waged war against the piratical methods of the assurance companies, and it is up to us readers to see that the fight is not lost through lack of support. I suggest that the plan proposed a few months ago to write to local M.P.s demanding that this question be placed in the forefront of their programmes be again tried, but a certain date fixed for its operation. We can thus strike a blow at the fleecers of the poor and show practical appreciation of JOHN BULL'S efforts.—*M. H., Prestatyn.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published and one guinea for the most original and constructive. Name and address essential, but not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

The Doctor's Bell

Since fire-engines and ambulances are for obvious reasons fitted with a "clear the traffic" bell, it seems equally important that doctors should be permitted to be similarly equipped, for use in *bona-fide* cases, where delay over speed-limit regulations may mean death to some poor unfortunate. Confiscation of car and licence permanently would act as a deterrent for abuse.—*J. H. T., Assam.*

[The above letter has been awarded the special prize of one guinea.]

New Offence

Since I purchased my JOHN BULL this week I have become a felon. So, too, has my obliging newsagent. And all because I purchased my copy after eight in the evening! It was explained to me, while I surreptitiously concealed it, that a new law has been enforced here forbidding the sale of newspapers in shops after eight o'clock and nine on Saturdays, though newsboys may do so all night. Here, surely, is another of the straws that will ultimately break the camel's back.—*W. H., Glasgow.*

Jacks-in-Office

The Horncastle Guardians have decided to meet the shortage of their casual ward accommodation by the heartless expedient of rendering its use as uncomfortable as possible. The workhouse master suggested that there was "too much sloppy sentiment" and casuals were "too comfortable." Applicants for shelter are now to get one blanket less. It is damnable that Jacks-in-office should evade their obligations by adding discomfort of body to the unemployed's distress of mind.—*D. M., Whetstone.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (Recipe):—"A TABLESPOONFUL OF ICE, boiled in a cup of milk. Put in tiny pie-dish, beat in an egg and bake for ten minutes."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"New Etiquette, by Lady Kitty Vincent. . . . Address his envelope the Earl of Blank. But you must speak of him as Lord Blank AND THE SAME WITH HIS WIFE."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS" (Advt.):—"Black fur coat for sale, cost £12, will sell for £6, SUITABLE FOR ROLLS-ROYCE."

"BURTON DAILY MAIL":—"Egg Lemonade. Take a fresh egg, JUICE OF A DEMON, sugar and fill up with soda water."

"DAILY MAIL":—"Young swallows are flying around the house. Winking wings take them to and fro. . . . They seem more like butterflies THAN BEES."

"DORSET DAILY ECHO":—"Lost, SNAKESKIN LADY'S handbag, containing cheque-book. Finder will be rewarded."

"NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"Convict dies from heat. WHILE A BATCH OF 30 CONVICTS WAS BEING DROWNED."

"UNION JACK":—"His hair was long, curling about his ears and neck. THE LATTER HAD BEEN PIERCED FOR THE RECEPTION OF TWO GOLD EARRINGS."

Making Inefficients

Miss Mabel Horner's article on the backward child is only too true. I have a class of forty-one six-year-olds in a Council school. The room is so small that it is impossible to pass between the rows of children. The room is stuffy, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated. What chance has a backward child in such conditions? —*Assistant Teacher, Tunbridge Wells.*

Little Gambles

As a voluntary worker amongst poor children, I should like to enlist the help of JOHN BULL to do away with enticing machines and games. Many "outings" are spoiled for boys and girls because they are induced to spend their pence on "little gambles" which do not offer a fair possibility of return.—*H. J. R., Westminster, S.W.*

Here and There

Recently I travelled about 200 miles of country, both in England and France. Here I saw expanses of untilled land supporting little but game, and poorly kept farms choked with weeds for want of labour. There I found mile after mile of wonderful crops, with every available spot made to grow something. Yet much of our land is more fertile than the countries now supplying us with the food we ought to grow at home.—*E. B. C., Blackpool.*

No Redress

The Workmen's Compensation Act badly needs revising. Take the case of myself and many others. I have been suffering from silicosis, contracted through stone-dust while working in the mine. Unable to carry on with my old job, the manager refuses to find me lighter work on the surface. Doctors admit that silicosis is an "industrial disease," yet compensation is not paid.—*A. D., Brecon.*

More Red Tape

If the employment exchange makes an error in a name when issuing an unemployment insurance card, even when pointed out only a few days later, it can only be rectified on production of either a birth or marriage certificate. A worker pointed out a mistake and offered his Army papers as proof of name. These weren't accepted and he had to go to the expense of getting a copy of his birth certificate.—*A. S., Southsea.*

Only Sailors!

In December of last year, a dredger named *Lady Combe* left the Clyde for Lagos, West Africa, with a crew of eighteen men, and has not been heard of since. The vessel was not equipped with wireless and had no escort. The Board of Trade has not yet held any enquiry into the loss of the ship, with her eighteen British seamen. Seafaring men wonder if it is because it is "only sailors" that have lost their lives.—*Bereaved, Glasgow.*

Two Problems

In "Bye, Bye, Red Whiskers" (JOHN BULL, September 15), Mr. A. G. Gardiner sums up the great secret of unemployment. Labour is competitive. One branch thrives at the expense of another. Oil displaces coal, road transport kills railway prosperity, and so on. Labour and Capital together have two problems to solve: (1) The diversion of labour from obsolete trades to new industries; and (2) the making of all labour complementary, and not competitive. Obviously, this task cannot be left to politicians.—*Junius Junior, London.*

STOP SUFFERING AFTER EATING.

If you suffer from indigestion, gastritis or dyspepsia after meals, you can prevent it instantly by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water immediately after eating. This remarkable preparation not only neutralises the acid and thus so removes the cause of the trouble, but it also soothes, heals and protects the inflamed stomach lining, thus repairing damage already done and promoting healthy, normal digestion. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is obtainable of chemists everywhere in either powder or tablet form at only 1s. 3d. Get a package to-day and stop suffering after eating.

'NERVES'!

Don't let 'nerves' ruin your life. Iron-Ox tiny tonic tabl. is have relieved thousands.

At all Chemists 1/3 & 5/-
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GRAVES
'BENEFIT' BALE
'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' Have the Graves 'BENEFIT' Bale delivered Carriage Paid to your home, and judge its merits for yourself.
FINE BARGAIN OFFER
Comprising: 1 white super-quality Fleecy Blankets, fancy borders, weight 3lbs.; 1 coloured Fleecy Blankets, white borders, weight 3lbs.; 1 coloured Alexandra Quilt, weight 3lbs.; 3 unbleached Grey Cotton Twill Sheets, Extra weight 6lbs.; 1 white Pillow Cases, 1 white Bolster Cases. All double bed size.
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In BLACK, Brown, Blue, etc. From all repairers, leather stores, boot shops etc. Any difficulty write for name of nearest dealer.
RADIUM LEATHER DYES

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY!

Extra money for her own & her family needs

Work as hard as they can, men are not always able to earn enough to buy ALL the things that are needed to make a woman's home all that she would like it to be. But as a result of the Imperia Homework Plan, she can now earn an extra pound or so every week and thus provide the extra money to satisfy her dearest wishes. What can be done in spare time only is made plain by the following extracts from letters we have received.

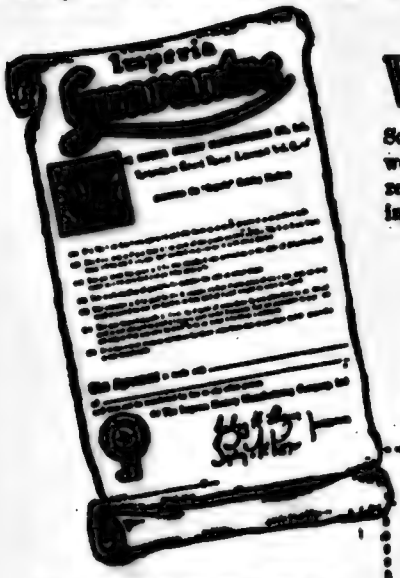
"Since having an Imperia Knitter I have earned on an average £3 a week on private orders made during the evenings."

"An Imperia Knitter in the home means never to be short of money. It brightens the working man's home and is a way to independence."

"I can honestly say that the Imperia Knitter is the best and easiest way to accomplish security, independence and moneymaking in comfort at home."

"I find the Imperia Knitter very simple, and it knits so beautifully you have no trouble to sell your work."

IMPERIA KNITTERS



This is the Imperia Guarantee that assures you a regular income from your knitter. It removes all doubts about disposing of your work profitably and enables you to start earning at once.

We Guarantee To Buy Your Work

So beautifully does the IMPERIA KNITTER make all kinds of socks, jumpers, scarves, underwear, etc., of wool, silk, or artificial silk, that it is easy to build up a valuable connection with regular customers in your district. But you do not have to wait for this before you start earning. We will buy all the work you can do for us and pay the best prices for it.

MAGNIFICENT ADDITIONAL NEW SHOWROOMS OPENING NEXT WEEK AT 245, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, near OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. FREE DEMONSTRATIONS GIVEN THROUGHOUT THE DAY, ALSO AT OUR OLD SHOWROOMS, 97, GRAY'S INN RD, W.C.1.

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FOR A FIRST PAYMENT OF 16/-.

Rileys will deliver to your door their popular 4ft. "Home" Billiard Table to rest on your dining table, and allow 7 days' play to test it. You will certainly be delighted, and decide to keep it to brighten the winter evenings. Other sizes and prices are:—

4ft.	4ins.	x 2ft.	6ins.	£7	0
5ft.	4ins.	x 2ft.	10ins.	£8	0
6ft.	4ins.	x 3ft.	4ins.	£11	0
7ft.	4ins.	x 3ft.	10ins.	£13	0
8ft.	4ins.	x 4ft.	4ins.	£15	0

or in 10 monthly payments of 8/6, 11/-, 14/-, 18/-, 22/-

You pay as you play and 7 days' Free Trial Guarantees Satisfaction

Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables are also sent on 7 days' trial, and can be had in oak or mahogany in a variety of designs to match your furniture. Cash prices from £12 10s., or in easy monthly payments. Rileys are also the largest makers of full size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Estimates Free.

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RILEY'S GIVE 7 DAYS free trial pay carriage and take all risks as to result

Showing Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.

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BUSINESS A SPECIALITY

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MOST LIBERAL ODDS — FOOTBALL — COMBINED WITH SECURITY

FOOTBALL

LISTS ON APPLICATION. — "DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

Write To-day—Don't Delay.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"... Safe as the Bank"—John Bull 24 March 1928

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"CHALLENGER" CREDIT COUPONS

NOTHING BARRED
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Fancied

FRENCH INVADERS

for Autumn Double

M. JACQUES WITTOUCK has informed my French correspondent that he intends to have a good try for the autumn double with Bois Josselyn and Palais Royal II. The St. Leger form of the latter speaks for itself, and as he has speed he should not be out of place over the shorter cut. The only thing my correspondent has against Bois Josselyn is his lack of finishing speed, which is fatal in the Cesarewitch; but the stable is discounting that and backing the double each way.

OF the French entries in the Cambridgeshire, Polly Flinders II. is greatly fancied, and I have suggested this one to double with Steel-Point in my list of mixed each-way doubles. The list is reprinted below:

CESAREWITCH.	CAMBRIDGESHIRE.
Arctic Star	Trelawny
Brown Jack	Mara
Steel-Point	Polly Flinders II.

THE "Racing Calendar" announces that this year there will be no race for the Free Handicap for two-year-olds at the Newmarket Houghton meeting. There will, however, be substituted a Free Handicap of 25 sovereigns each, 10 sovereigns forfeit, with 500 soversigns added. The distance will be a mile and a quarter Across the Flat, for three-year-olds which have been placed first, second or third.

THE weights will be published on October 11 and, at the conclusion of the season, Mr. Dawkins, the handicapper, will be invited by the Stewards of the Jockey Club to frame a Two-Year-Old Handicap. Of late years acceptances for the Free Handicap for two-year-olds have been poor, and the number of actual runners small. Last year there were only seven acceptors and three runners.

RACING is a game of luck—good and bad. For the Stoneleigh Plate at Warwick my Code selection was Aunt Mary, but "Auntie" was not sent to the meeting. The stable decided to run Ruby's Love. Ruby's Love won the race at 100 to 8. Anyhow, Aunt Mary is worth backing next time out, and the same can be said of Nanka, who has missed quite a few engagements lately.

COMPLAINTS continue to reach me of "bookies" who omit to pay out. So I issue a word of warning relative to F. Reeves and Co., of 43, Knightsbridge, S.W. Backers should be sure of the *bona-fides* of any concern before they open an account.

IT is reported that the crack American colt, Reigh Count, which won the United States Jockey Club Gold Cup, will be entered for next season's Ascot Gold Cup. Reigh Count has won this season, in addition to the Jockey Club Cup, the Kentucky Derby, the Miller Stakes, the Huron Handicap, the Saratoga Cup, and the Lawrence Realisation Stakes.

IT will be interesting to see how this form works out on an English race-course. Some of the American horses of the past never became acclimatised over here; and their performances were poor in consequence.

COUNTESS OF HAINAULT, my Code tip for the Buchanan Selling Handicap at Ayr, won at last. The price of 13 to 8 is nothing to shout about, but a winner's a winner at any odds. She helped to lessen the number of losers Richards rode at Ayr.

Frank Butters, trainer of Cap a-Pie, a fancied Cesarewitch candidate

FOR week-end winners we go to Newbury. I am inclined to take a chance with Aunt Mary in the Lambourn High-Weight Handicap. She has 7st. 11lb. to carry, and with this weight can be considered a fair each-way bet. I fancy The Ock in the Long Distance Selling Handicap and for the Newbury Autumn Cup my selection is Feng each-way.

"SILVER RING"

TWO coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

F T 3 G I K D H X Q O S U N

P W M V L Z Y E B A R J 2 C

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. QONWLN JWQO would read ARCTIC STAR.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 26, to Tuesday, October 2.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

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GREYHOUND RACING SWEEPSTAKES

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WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Derby, Sheffield W., Barnsley, Darlington, Stockport, Aberdeen.

5 HOME.—Derby, Leeds, Doncaster, Stockport, Clyde.

4 HOME.—Leicester, Sheffield W., Darlington, South Shields.

3 AWAY.—Newcastle, Plymouth, Celtic.

3 DRAWS.—Grimsby v. Hull, Halifax v. Bradford City, Falkirk v. Third Lanark.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Sheffield W., Stockport, Barnsley, Wrexham, Celtic.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Stockport, Hearts, Sunderland v. Birmingham.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUES I and II).—Derby, Leeds, Leicester, Sheffield W., Barnsley.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 6.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Burnley, Cardiff, Everton, Huddersfield, Manchester C., Portsmouth, West Ham.

AWAY WINNER.—Aston Villa.

DRAWS.—Bolton v. Bury, Newcastle v. Leeds.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Clapton, Grimsby, Notts Forest, Oldham, Preston, Reading, Stoke, West Bromwich.

AWAY WINNER.—Southampton.

DRAWS.—Middlesbrough v. Notts County, Tottenham v. Hull.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bradford C., Carlisle, Chesterfield, Doncaster, New Brighton, Rotherham, Wrexham.

AWAY WINNERS.—South Shields, Wigan.

DRAWS.—Accrington v. Halifax, Hartlepools v. Stockport.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Charlton, Fulham, Luton, Northampton, Plymouth, Queen's Park Rangers.

AWAY WINNERS.—Crystal Palace, Swindon.

DRAWS.—Brighton v. Exeter, Coventry v. Brentford, Norwich v. Southend.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Airdrie, Ayr, Celtic, Hearts, Motherwell, Raith, St. Johnstone.

AWAY WINNER.—Clyde.

DRAWS.—Partick v. Hamilton, Third Lanark v. Glasgow Rangers.

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Your corns will come out as easily and painlessly as the corns of this gentleman if you use Radox Bath Salts. A few 20 minute Radox footbaths, and the most obstinate corn just lifts out, root and all. Read this letter:

"Ten months ago I was troubled with pains on ball and small toes of my foot, which I ignored, but pains became worse. Eventually I discovered four huge grotesque corns. I spent a lot of money week after week on ointments, paste, liquids, etc., to effect a cure, but without success. I read an advert. concerning Radox Bath Salts, and purchased a 1s. 6d. packet. I commenced soaking my feet in fairly hot water, with two good tablespoonfuls of Radox in it for just over 20 minutes. The results surprised me. Before I had finished the first packet, to my amazement, I actually picked three of the corns bodily from my feet. The fourth one detached itself."

12th August, 1928. A. E., BARNES.

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Gives your feet that "Kraeschen Feeling."

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THE HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE

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• • • • • •

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

C. S. (Banff).—"I have successfully passed my last examination." Bankruptcy?

T. C. S. (Aintree).—"My boss gave me a fine reference." One of the best men he ever turned out?

W. T. I. (March).—"I aim always to please." You need a little target practice, sonny.

S. E. (Sedford).—"I am a sound sleeper." The usual horrible sounds, we suppose?

A. H. (Poole).—"All young men will wear moustaches in a year or two." Won't the girls be tickled?

H. I. (Plymouth).—"All this talk about the tip is a joke." The majority of waiters can take the joke.

W. O. T. (Glasgow).—"Many film stars are ill-educated." They should be screened and not heard.

H. S. (Southampton).—"He ran an awful risk when he rescued the girl from drowning." Wasn't he married?

M. P. N. (Woking).—"One should be well after a holiday." Landladies are often well-to-do.

T. C. (Bridport).—"What is the best time for physical exercises?" It's never too late to bend.

A. L. (Gateshead).—"Camphor is good for moths." We are looking for something that's bad for moths.

F. J. (Thornaby).—"I am on nodding acquaintance with a lot of wealthy men." An auctioneer, no doubt.

H. L. (Littlehampton).—"My drama has a sad ending." Then it is sure to come to grief.

M. L. (Malton).—"I gave him such a cold look." Guess you were burning with indignation.

CELIA G. (Penzance).—"No man will ever drive me." Not if he buys a motor-car?

S. Y. S. (Chorley).—"I am always feeling sorry for somebody." Never happy unless you're sad.

T. E. (Thrapston).—"She can do anything with her goo-goo eyes." Evidently she can see an opportunity.

Miss S. E. (Carmarthen).—"You don't know your own luck." Oh, yes we do. We're married.

BERTIE A. (Tipton).—"I love the only girl in the world." The delusion of every fond lover.

H. F. D. (Salisbury).—"How can I get a soft job?" Only by working hard for it.

E. E. A. (Kidderminster).—"I can't understand why she attracts the men." Possibly her father is a commercial magnate.

H. H. (Durham).—"How can I tell a mushroom from a poisonous fungus?" Eat it. If nothing happens it's a mushroom.

L. A. S. (Salford).—"The police are exceedingly sharp." They have to be when they're on point duty.

M. O. (Aston).—"The camel can work without drinking." But man can drink without working.

H. T. M. (Lincoln).—"No photograph ever did me justice." You should be thankful for small mercies.

C. R. (Broughton Ferry).—"It's possible, I say, for a man to have more money than brains." But not for long.

MRS. C. (Hammersmith).—"Didn't you notice the child's resemblance to me?" Nothing could have been plainer.

LOTTIE (Hampstead).—"She swears she's never even been kissed by a boy." Enough to make any girl swear.

T. A. (Keswick).—"I say anything that goes on two feet is a biped." Even shoes and socks?

BESSIE A. (Salop).—"I've been told singing will be good for my health." It won't if you sing in our vicinity.

E. T. (Brandon).—"I believe in giving my young wife plenty of rope." Then you won't be surprised if she skips.

J. S. (Wakefield).—"There's nothing wrong with the rising generation." Apart from the difficulty of getting them to rise in decent time.

K. J. (Whitehaven).—"If a man wants to marry he should make a little money first." Because afterwards he'll have to make a little money last.

B. J. (Cardiff).—"I attribute my health to doing my daily dozen." We don't mind so long as we're not one of the dozen.

MRS. L. (Peterborough).—"I always say just what I think." And we'll warrant without worrying whether it's just to others or not.

J. L. (Leeds).—"A bit of flattery completely turns some women's heads." While others find a bottle of dye quite as effective.

MRS. D. (High Bentham).—"In this dead and alive place I don't know how to kill time." Why not try working it to death?

GEORGE D. (Newcastle).—"We are perfecting a new electrical installation." That should shed a little light on the situation.

MRS. L. (Hexham).—"My neighbours all seem entirely without principle." Then why allow them to draw so much of your interest?

H. C. (New Cross).—"Why *still* single women dress so scantily?" Probably to make men think they spend little on clothing.

C. J. (Oxford).—"I don't see why a hefty pedestrian should walk as though he owned the road." Nor a blinking motorist drive as though he owned the car.

G. L. (Hounslow).—"I am not myself to-day." Congratulations!

J. H. (Petersfield).—"The first time I ate a meal she cooked I said that's the wife for me." Love at first bite!

T. Y. (Hoxton).—"I'm a fireman who really loves his work." Oh you go to blazes!

B. B. (Chelmsford).—"I can give proof of being a skilled chauffeur." By the endorsements on your licence?

G. A. (Leeds).—"After courting a girl for three years she refuses to marry me." Congratulations!

"BABS" (Ealing).—"I think blonde girls have the best times, don't you?" They certainly have all the fun of the fair.

L. C. (London, W.).—"I walked right through Hyde Park the other evening." That's a piece of reckless daring!

F. N. (Nantwich).—"Lots of people cough in church." Sometimes they are not coughs, but time signals.

J. B. (Epsom).—"I don't know how he put the idea into my head." Persistent hammering, we suppose.

T. Y. (Bradford).—"My wife and I always squabble when I help her with the dishes." One of you should dry up.

N. P. (Bermondsey).—"I am a big man in my own way." Then get out of your own way.

B. T. (Highgate).—"This letter should be a tonic to you." It certainly left a nasty taste in the mouth.

G. C. (Dover).—"I think I'll cease writing you letters." That's a very kindly thought.

A. T. (Ruislip).—"Garden pests are very annoying." Especially when they are so slow in returning your lawn-mower.

H. B. (Clacton).—"Do you think I'll be able to do anything with my voice this winter?" Why not sell coal?

T. R. (Mayfair).—"There is a return to feminine fashions." The girl of to-morrow won't be the man her mother was.

N. T. (Goole).—"I smiled at myself in the mirror." You must have a keen sense of the ridiculous.

G. C. (Finchley).—"I am going to bury myself in the country." That's a saving of undertaker's fees.

H. N. (Harrow).—"I told the waiter he wasn't fit to serve a donkey." But we suppose he was doing his best?

R. S. (Middlesbrough).—"My wife is entering for *Bullets* this week, so look out." Well, if she deserves the £2,000 she'll get it—then you'll have to look out.

G. B. (Bankside).—"I have never sworn, gambled, drank, lost my temper, smoked or danced." Your only fault seems untruthfulness.

Miss T. (Chiswick).—"I am so relieved that long skirts are coming in." We suspect that you are slightly knock-kneed.

R. T. (London, S.W.).—"I don't like your paper. I really *don't* like your paper." We don't care. We really don't care.

L. C. T. (York).—"The modern girl's hair looks like a mop." She doesn't mind, as she probably doesn't know what a mop looks like.

WILLIAM D. (London, N.).—"I'm sending you this little letter to tell you that I'm feeling better." We're really glad to hear that, Bill, but didn't know that you'd been ill.

R. N. (Rochester).—"He drank beer like water." Is there any other sort?

D. B. (Harrow).—"I'll write to you again shortly." The shorter the better.

C. J. (Aylesbury).—"I didn't call on you because I heard you were away." That's when you should have called.

S. T. (Guildford).—"This is a free country." It is—providing you do what you're told.

G. H. (Greenford).—"I had a six months' holiday straight off." No reduction of sentence for good behaviour?

IKE L. (Whitechapel).—"What does R.S.V.P. mean?" Real Silver Vedding Presents.

B. N. (Hartlepool).—"He said I had a kind face." Did he mention which kind?

T. C. (Gloucester).—"I fell off the bicycle and bumped my head on the road." Yes, it's a hard world

A. McK. (Canonbury).—"We have very nice neighbours." We hope they think so, too.

T. N. (Staines).—"It is difficult to do right." The first ten commandments are the hardest.

G. J. (Henley).—"I sent you a grouse I shot in Yorkshire." Thanks. We're keeping the London poulterer's label as a souvenir.

R. B. (Hayes).—"When I went to France I couldn't make the people understand what I said." You should try speaking English.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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To advertise our 32-page Catalogue of over 1000 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to JOHN BULL readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of 5/11
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Over 40 in. waist 1s. extra.
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Super bargains to be cleared AT ONCE. First twenty-four applicants secure these brand-new real OAK desks. To save cost of removing and re-storing in our new warehouse we are letting them go at almost half-price. A few in real mahogany 25 per cent. extra. We pay carriage.
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ASTOUNDING VALUE IN FLOOR COVERING
90 SQ FT for 15/-
DAMP PROOF & ROT PROOF.
THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 90 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.
J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 33, Carter Street, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.
PAROLEUM

SHEETS

With only a few hundred pairs left, this bargain offer cannot be extended after Oct. 10th. Full size (70 ins. x 100 ins.). Unbleached, made from finest hard-wearing, good washable material, these sheets are amazing value, price 9/6 per pair, or 2 pairs for 18/- post free British Isles. Cash with order. Ask for list of other bargains when ordering. Write NOW!
SPECIAL FREE GIFT
Novelty Combined Shaving and Hand-mirror, value 2/6 or Pair of Heavy Turkish Towels to first 20 customers.
LADIES WEAR COY (S4), ST. PAUL'S ROAD, LONDON, N.1.

Pipe closed

NO MORE DIRTY PIPES
POST 3/6 FREE
A detachable cup goes within a twist. It never requires cleaning and is always sweet, cool, and hygienic. Fine quality Briar. A pipe for ever. The ideal present. Price 3/6 post free. Extra refills 2d. each. State if normal or unscented pipe is required.
BRIAKLAY PIPE Co., 29, Tariff Street, Manchester.
Trade enquiries invited.
CLAY REFILL

FREEMANS
Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT
Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Rugs, Drapery, Corsetières, Blankets, Bedding, Watches, Clocks, Silver, Toys, Baby Carriages etc.
Men to register as spare-time representatives at Agents' Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.
Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.
NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

UNFORTUNATE MOTHERS

"Want *of* Nourishment"

"I AM supposed to be feeding the youngest baby, but I am not able to do it for the want of nourishment."

• • •

"My wife gave birth to a son. She had not been too strong before her confinement, and seemed ill. I sent for the doctor and he told me she had contracted tuberculosis apparently through her confinement. I had her removed to the sanatorium and I looked after baby. She is home now and she must have nourishing food, but I can't provide it."

• • •

"He is the father of a young family and I can testify that both he and his wife require more nourishment than they are able to get."

• • •

"My wife was admitted to the hospital here and a baby girl was born in July. She was discharged three weeks later with instructions to have plenty of nourishment. A week later my other baby girl, seventeen months old, was taken to the same hospital suffering from pneumonia.

"She was dangerously ill, but has sufficiently recovered to be discharged. I received instructions that she must have malt and plenty of nourishing food. This, on my earnings!"

• • •

THE first extract is from the letter of a mother of six children. They have 23s. a week. That is all. It doesn't leave any margin for nourishing food.

The second is from the wife of an ex-Service man who had to abandon his work on account of severe heart strain. They have 25s. a week.

The third is a doctor's statement regarding an ex-Service man who has been unable to recover his strength after a severe operation and his wife who is suffering from pulmonary phthisis. They have five children.

The fourth is the statement of an ex-Service man who has tramped the country picking up casual jobs, and whose earnings average at times 17s. in twelve days.

Such appeals are wonderful opportunities for our readers to help these poor mothers and children. "To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the* Hon. Secretary, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

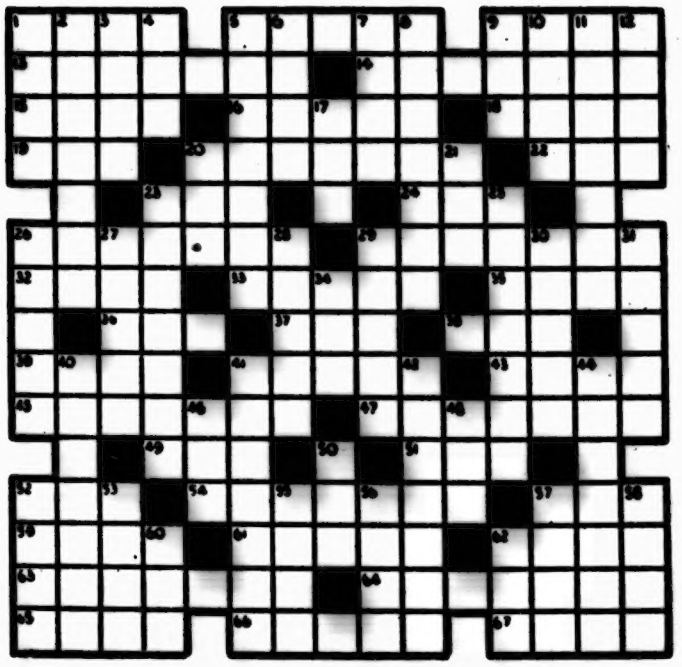
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

B. S. (Slades Green), 10s.; "Leno" (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; A. W. (Gillingham), 2s. 6d.; "Oakchick," 2s.; Anon., 1s.; E. Lewis (Shanklin), 1s.; L. S. (Bulwell), 5s.; "A Bulleter" (Coventry), 1s. 3d.; J. B. Rodwell (Cambourne), 10s.; Mr. W. J. Garratt (Manchester), £3; G. W. Whitworth (Newark), 2s.; F. Stubbs (Ulverston), 2s. 6d.; J. N. S. H. (Brechin), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; "On the Ninth," 2d.; F. D., 1s. 6d.; "Irene" (Seven Kings), 1s.; E. M. S. (Wallington), 1s. 6d.; K. A. B. (Richmond, Surrey), £3; "Brondgreen" (Liverpool), 10s.; A. G. B. R. (Witham), 2s. 6d.; "A Roman Catholic" (Ealing), £5; H. G. (Belvedere), 1s.; "Cockermouth," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Shepard (Ilford), 1s.; S. Pratt (Battersea), 10s.; M. S. L. (Aden (British)), £1; "N.B.," 5s.; "Humble Reader," £1; J. L. C. (Dublin), 5s.; Anon., 2s.; Anon. (Shepton Mallet), 5s.; Miss Kirby (Pinner), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. E. Barnes (Cambridge), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. D. Joseph (Cardiff), 1s.; Mr. F. Skitmare (H.M.S. "Marlborough"), 2s. 6d.; "A Labourer," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. Brown (Cardiff), 5s.; Mrs. S. E. Peary, (St. Walsingham), 5s.; "A Paddington Widow," 2s. 6d.; "The Merry Crew," 15s. 6d.; "Emily," 2s.; "With Love" (Leeds), 1s.; "Musselburgh," 1s.; Anon. (Luton), 6d.; "Laura," 5s.; "Hyet" (Dewsbury), 2s. 6d.; L. R., 1s.; "Skipt.," 6d.; G. Dodge (Yeovil), 1s.; "Universal," 6d.; Anon., 6d.; Mrs. N. Belcher (Parkstone), £1 10s.; E. M. Harries (Weston-super-Mare), 6d.; "Bill," 10s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

TRY *THIS* TEASER!



CLUES ACROSS
1. Covered with water.
5. A fiend.
9. Rubbish.
13. Unassisted.
14. Artist's implement
15. Transported.
16. Kind of lace.
18. A row.
19. Before.
20. A suite.
22. Vehicle.
23. Male child.
24. Rodent.
26. To regard.
29. Day performance.
32. Unoccupied
33. Schoolroom apparatus.
35. A wrong.
36. Performance.
37. Young goat.
38. Lethal weapon.
39. Despatched
41. Pertaining to punishment.
43. Biblical character.
45. Board a train.
47. Imbecile.
49. Stray.
51. A dog.
52. Terror.
54. Indian's pipe of peace.
57. Church seat.
59. Stay.
61. High note.
62. Cereal.
63. Palm-like plant.
64. Narrow-minded.
65. A cleric.
66. Kind of scarf.
67. Saucy.

CLUES DOWN
1. Certain.
2. Not equipped.
3. Back of the neck.
4. Baggage.
5. Protection.
6. Prepare for publication.
7. Overt.
8. Not artificial.
9. Wager.
10. Relating to the ear.
11. Kind of sea vessel.
12. Useful plant.
17. Cover.
20. Female of the hart.
21. Consume.
23. A ghost.
25. Nominal.
26. Immerse.
27. To slope.
28. Possessed.
29. Decoration.
30. Musical composition in nine parts.
31. Relating to morality.
34. Wrong.
40. To twist around.
41. Buccaneers.
42. Swiss canton.
44. A condiment.
46. Part of a circle.
48. Seed fruit.
50. Play on words.
52. Resting.
53. Books of Scandinavian mythology.
55. Religious fast.
56. To labour.
57. Wan.
58. A herb.
60. An age.
62. To take for a.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on p. 2.

BULLETS GIGANTIC FIRST PRIZE

£1000

It must be won It may be yours

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

30 PRIZES OF £1

3RD PRIZE £50

2ND PRIZE £100

100 of 10/-

2,000 of 2/6

10,000 TARGET PRIZES

£33152 IN BULLETS' CASH PRIZES AWARDED THIS YEAR 2173 CASH PRIZES MUST BE WON THIS WEEK

How to Win!

HAVE you tried *Bullets* yet? Nothing could be easier than to take one of the forty Examples on this page and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—OUR LAWS
Bullet:—JUST—SENTENCES, JUST ANYHOW.
Example:—IS PEACE A CERTAINTY?
Bullet:—MAN QUESTIONS—WOMAN, ANSWER!
Example:—STRUGGLING ON
Bullet:—LUCKY—THOUSANDS MERELY STRUGGLING

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED. SEE RULE 5.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 688

FIRST PRIZE OF £50:

MR. A. V. GLOVE, 59, Empress Avenue, Ilford, Essex.

Example:—TOO MANY GIRLS
Bullet:—CATCHING TRAINS—MEN, BOATS,

SECOND PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. S. [illegible], Coalpits, Cooper Angus.
Example:—WHEN I LOOK BACK
Bullet:—DISAPPOINTMENTS WERE MOSTLY ESCAPES.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Miss L. PHILLIPS, 227, Shurland Road, Shirley Park, S.
Example:—THE BITTER END
Bullet:—SAVES—"NOT SEEKING RE-ELECTION."

10 Prizes of £5 each

Miss J. ALLMAN, 47, Walgrave Street, Hull.
GOING ONE BETTER—THAT BARNUM, OLD BAILEY.
W. BUNCH, 6, Peel Street, West Bromwich.
TAKING PRECAUTIONS—*And* RISES, MAKES FOR-TUNES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
H. E. BUTCHER, Curry Rivel, Nr. Taunton.
THE BITTER END—ROBOT "TURNS ON" INVENTOR.
W. CAREY, 28, Shuttleworth Street, Earby, Lancs.
AT OPPORTUNITY'S DOOR—WOMAN STOPPED BY MIRROR.
Miss G. DAVIS, 69, Cecil Road, Wealdstone, Middx.
NOT LOSE FATHER—THAT'S MODERN YOUTH'S AMBITION.
H. E. GEORGE, 400, Rossendale Road, Burnley.
WHEN I LOOK BACK—CONSIDERED FORWARD—OTHERWISE, BACKWARD.
H. NICHOLAS, 43, Pennant Street, Ebbw Vale, Mon.
GUY THE RAILS—INDUSTRY'S "TRAIN"—THOU-SANDS "TRAMPING."
R. TULEY, 75, Louisa Street, Hr. Openshaw, M/c.
TROUBLES—DON'T BLEAT—SAY "BAH!"
H. A. WEBB, "Shirley," Meadow Road, Redleigh.
TOO MANY GIRLS—TRAGEDY TO MANY GIRLS.

(Continued on page 2)

ADDRESS COUPONS:—"Bullets" No. 690, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Eng.)

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 690.

ALL OVER THE WORLD	ANOTHER MATTER	TRADE MASTERY	NO CHANCE
CODE OF INDUSTRY	CAN THEY?	CONSIDERED	OVERTURNING
DAILY GRIND	DOING A STUNT	DO BETTER	REMOVING THE PATH
PARADISE ALLEY	FLOATING A LOAN	FRIENDLY RELATIONS	SECRETS
NEWSPAPER WAR	IF ELECTIONS WERE ABOLISHED	GOD WORKED	STANDING OFF
LIFE'S AUTUMN	TAKEN BY A LANDSLIP	ALL-ALIKE	TOMMY
BORN TO RISE HIGH	ARE THEY WELL, DOING.	SYMPATHY	WORKING-LOVE
A DEATH-TRAP	WHAT HARDY DID.	HERE IS THE PICTURE	IF I WERE A BILLIONAIRE
THE ELECTORS	APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE	ALL THAT MATTERS	CHANGED
FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE	"ISN'T SHE BEAUTIFUL!"	DEALOUSLY	WHERE ARE WOMEN GOING?

Use Two, Three or Four words. Entries on and address on a sheet as usual.

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(690) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(690) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send on further "Bullets" you can write them on stake on any

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(690) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(690) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

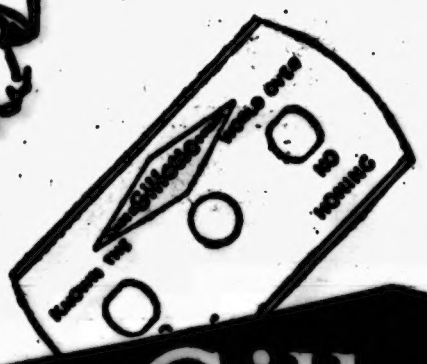
NEXT WEEK BIGGEST ONE WEEK PRIZE EVER OFFERED!

TIME to remember

Feel your chin at 4 p.m.

Now, if you had had a genuine Gillette blade this morning your chin wouldn't be feeling like that.

Buy a packet on the way home and notice the absence of stubble at 4 p.m. to-morrow.



TRADE Gillette MARK

SOLD EVERYWHERE

BUY A PACKET TO-DAY-
FOR A BETTER SHAVE TOMORROW

Gillette Safety Razor Ltd., 184/188, Great Portland Street, W.1.

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